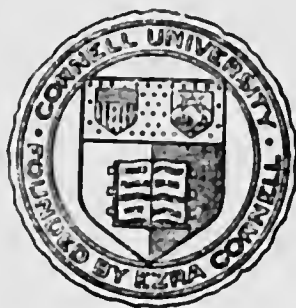




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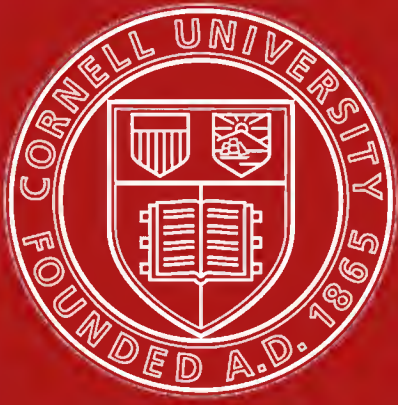


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FELIX REVILLE BRUNOT



Felix R Brunot

Felix Reville Brunot at the Age of Fifty-seven

FELIX REVILLE BRUNOT

1820-1898

*A CIVILIAN IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION
PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST BOARD OF
INDIAN COMMISSIONERS*

BY

CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

DEAN OF THE CATHEDRAL FARIBAULT



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P R E F A C E

THIS book has been preparing somewhat more than two years. For a year I had the gracious help of Mrs. Brunot, at whose request the task was undertaken. Not only did she collect all the papers from their long hiding-places; but, with her clear and accurate memory, she lived again, in letters and in conversation, the past which she had loved so well. To her the book owes more than can be told.

Had the record been one of mere personal or local interest, it would have been dropped at her death; for, originally, it was made for her sake. But it is much more than the record of a good man. In the Civil War and in the solution of the Indian Question Mr. Brunot's life touched the life of the nation; and, in so far forth, his life is a fragment of the nation's story. This record is history as plain and brief as it could be made; and the analysis of the man's character is left to the reader. I may say this, however: one gets marvellously intimate with a man after reading the material which is abundantly at hand from friend and foe, and one sees into the corners very deeply. It is quite possible, under such circumstances, to believe Mr. Brunot mistaken in his

policy; but it is not possible to find a single instance of meanness, cowardice, or dishonour—there is absolutely nothing to suppress or explain away. He was indeed

“thro’ all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.”

And with this cleanness of heart he united force.
He was one

“Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong.”

Since the nation needs not only righteous men, but righteous men of force, who will fight for their ideals, I have hoped that men would care to read this record of a man both good and strong.

I have tried to indicate my debt to the various helpers who have generously supplemented my own knowledge, as their contributions appear in the book. But I must here tell how very much I owe to Thomas K. Cree, Esq., who was associated with Mr. Brunot as Secretary of the Board of Indian Commissioners. Mr. Cree gave me invaluable assistance in the chapters on the Indians, so that they really ought to be called his. I am also deeply indebted to Colonel Roberts, President Moffat of Washington and Jefferson College, the Rev. Dr. Marks, Charles B. Price, Esq., Hilary B. Brunot, Esq., and William A. Hogg, Esq.

After Mrs. Brunot's death, it seemed fitting to allow her work to take the place in the book which it really deserved. Indeed, Mr. Brunot's story could not have been told without hers also. In this task I have had the constant help of her niece, Miss Mary Hogg, for whose patient and efficient research I cannot be too grateful. I owe much also to Mrs. Ormsby Phillips and Miss Sybil Carter, who have told, in their own words, what Mrs. Brunot was to them, true and trusted friends that they were.

Nor can I be unmindful of those who have urged me to go on with the task, when other duties seemed to make it almost impossible; for to their persistent encouragement its finishing is due. If the book is of any value, the merit is altogether theirs.

C. L. S.

THE DEANERY, FARIBAULT,
October 1, 1900.

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Book I

THE PREPARATION

“ E’en as he trod that day to God, so walked he from his birth—
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.”

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNING

FELIX BRUNOT, the grandfather of the hero of this book, was born in the parish of Morey, in France, January 9, 1752. He was early left an orphan. His mother, dying, intrusted her boy to his uncle, who was a bishop of the Roman Communion. The bishop was planning to train him for the priesthood, but this was so little to the boy's taste that he was about to run away; whereupon his uncle told him that he might choose his own vocation, so young Felix announced that he would be a doctor of medicine. But the important item of this early history is that the Marquis de Lafayette was Felix's foster-brother; and when our War of Independence began the two young men determined to come to this country to fight for American liberty. Accordingly they set sail together in 1777. Felix Brunot, twenty-five years old, full of life and vigour, gave himself ardently to the cause; he fought in many battles, notably at Brandywine. When the war was over he allowed his foster-brother to return without him, and America became his home.

After the war he lived first in Annapolis and Philadelphia; then, in 1797, he crossed the Alleghenies and settled in Pittsburgh. He bought a picturesque island two miles down the Ohio River, now known as Brunot's Island, and there he built his mansion. His office was on Liberty Street. In those days there were many French gentlemen going to and fro, and Dr. Brunot's villa was the constant scene of a gracious hospitality. It was here, in 1825, that he entertained his brother Lafayette. And there is at least one witness who, as a small girl, remembers their meeting; how they ran to greet each other, embraced, and wept for joy. In all this hospitality the genial doctor had an able helpmeet in his gentle wife, Elizabeth Krieder, who was a Huguenot, and as generous to mankind as she was reverent toward God.

Several children were born to Felix and Elizabeth Brunot; but I need name only two—Hilary, the father of the younger Felix, and Sanson, who had a marvellous influence upon the whole family.

Hilary Brunot was born in Philadelphia, July 14, 1795. In 1814 he was graduated from West Point, and a few weeks later was engaged in the action at Fort Erie, where he was promoted for bravery. When the War of 1812 was over he was stationed at Fort Snelling, Mackinac, Green Bay, and later at the fort in Newport, Kentucky. While he was at Newport, a Mr. Randell Reville,

of Maryland, came with his charming daughter Ann to visit the town. At once a devoted attachment sprang up between the young lieutenant and Miss Reville, and they were married May 6, 1819.

This history now properly begins. For February 7, 1820, in the arsenal at Newport, a son was born to Hilary Brunot, and his parents named him Felix Randolph. Later, to please the boy, who was anxious to bear his mother's name, Randolph was changed to Reville.

When Felix was about a year old Lieutenant Brunot was ordered to Pittsburgh, and the boy looked out upon the world from the arsenal at Lawrenceville. Four years were spent here. He never forgot the high stone wall and the great gate.

Meantime, a little girl was added to the household, Elizabeth by name. And as long as she lived, her brother Felix loved and served her like the true knight he was. By this time, too, the frequent removals of military life became irksome, so that Lieutenant Brunot gave up his commission and invested in a large establishment in Pittsburgh for the manufacture of white lead. He bought for his home an open square where the Union Station now stands, building his house in a beautiful garden. Here he lived till the railway converted the place into a grim abode of dirt and noise. And here Felix Reville Brunot grew up.

CHAPTER II

INFLUENCES OF BOYHOOD

THE influences that made the boyhood of Felix Brunot what it was are hard to discover after all these years. But a few names and events stand out clearly, as the one or two persons now living, who knew him in the twenties and the thirties, tell their fragments of his boyhood story.

I

Among the chief influences was his eccentric and affectionate grandfather, Dr. Felix Brunot, for whom he was named. Shortly after the visit of Lafayette, Dr. and Mrs. Brunot moved into Pittsburgh, because the lavish hospitality of their country mansion became too great a tax upon Dr. Brunot's purse and Mrs. Brunot's strength; for though Felix Brunot was a physician, he rarely took any fees, and his inheritance was constantly diminished by his eager generosity. He lived in the house which contained his office, on Liberty Street, and here, too, he kept a large supply of drugs and medicines which he could give directly to his patients.

I have been fortunate enough to receive an account of this good doctor and his wife from a playmate of young Felix, the Rev. Dr. Marks, of Santa Monica. "Dr. Brunot," he writes, "was a small, dark-visaged man, very strikingly French in manner, vivacity, and speech. He was quick in address and rapid in reply. He was rarely seen in the streets. With a multitude he was held in the highest esteem as the healer of all human maladies. On many days his house resembled a hospital. It was teeming with people from the country, who came to him burdened and tortured with all the pains of rheumatism, neuralgia, king's evil, swellings, consumption, tumours, and indigestion—multitudes who, for the first time, knew how many were the ills to which flesh is heir. The suffering poor, the lame, and the blind were always there, for his sympathy and charity were proverbial. He charged little for his medicines, and but a small sum for his professional advice. With him it was a passion to cure.

"I think," continues Dr. Marks, "he never went to a patient outside his home. His rooms had innumerable odours and fragrances; for he was most industriously collecting from home and abroad every plant, leaf, and root that had in it any balm for human suffering."

Dr. Marks also describes Mrs. Brunot. "She was," he says, "a small woman, French in manner and broken in speech. She was most kind-

hearted and motherly. I have often seen around her a circle of country women, some carrying in their arms crying children, and to each she was attentive and sympathetic; by tender caresses soothing the sons and daughters of Indian hunters and whiskey insurrectionists."

Dr. Marks then pauses in his account to show how keenly these country folk needed the sympathy of such wise and skilful persons. "Their cabins were rude, wind-shaken, smoky, pierced by every arrow of rain, blizzard, and storm. Their food was of things most stubborn of digestion, such as pork and hominy; their clothing never of wool even in winter. . . . It was rare to see an old man or woman of eighty, and if they did attain that venerable age, they were the objects of pity, and every movement was followed by a groan. . . . For all these ills Dr. Brunot and his wife had an ear ever patient and sympathetic, and a hand ever open to help. One of the most charming things about this singular establishment was that Mrs. Brunot was always there, giving weight and motherly approval to all the doctor said and prescribed."

There can be no doubt that this constant scene of kindness had its effect upon the boy Felix. It was a devotion to philanthropy that must have left an impress on his boyish soul. Then, too, the grandfather's interest in natural sciences must have inspired the boy; for not only was Dr. Brunot a collector of all kinds of plants, but

he was one of the first to make use of electricity in the arts of healing. It might seem fanciful thus to trace influences upon the child, were it not for the fact that young Felix was a regular visitor; not coming as a dutiful grandchild merely, but coming to sit in his grandfather's library, to read the books that suited his youthful fancy. The whole atmosphere of this home was delightful to him.

II

Another influence very strong in the boy's life was that of his uncle, Sanson. Sanson Brunot was fifteen years older than his nephew, and always was to him as a beacon set on a hill. And, indeed, Sanson was the leader of the whole family. In him the piety of his Huguenot mother came out in a most beautiful and manly way; and he determined to be a clergyman in the Episcopal Church. He studied under the Rev. John Henry Hopkins, then rector of Trinity Church, and afterwards Bishop of Vermont. Dr. Brunot had hitherto been a nominal Roman Catholic; only nominal, however, for after he had become a Free Mason and was told that the Pope had excommunicated him, he snapped his eyes, and replied with fire, "Pope excommunicate me? *I* excommunicate de Pope!" Through his son Sanson's influence he became a regular worshipper in Trinity Church; but he

left it to his son Hilary to be a vestryman and undertake the active responsibilities of a parish officer.

Sanson Brunot was prepared for the ministry by his rector, Mr. Hopkins. After his ordination, he founded the Episcopal parishes in Blairsville and Greensburg, and later Christ Church, Allegheny, for which his father, Dr. Brunot, built the first church building. His zeal and power were winning wide recognition when his health broke down, and he went to Key West, hoping that the mild climate would restore him, but in vain. He did not die, however, before he had founded a flourishing parish in Key West. His candle burned to the socket. He died one bright day in June, 1835, when Felix was fifteen years old.

It is impossible to overvalue the impress stamped by this ardent enthusiast upon the life of the young Felix. He had all the romantic fire of the ancestral French blood, all given to the highest ends humanity knows—the service of men and the worship of God. Further, just fifteen years Felix's senior, he was old enough to be the boy's hero, and young enough to be his sympathetic example. Mr. Brunot never tired of telling of this man, and among the treasures which he kept always near him were two ancient and rare Bibles which had once belonged to this Uncle Sanson. Sanson Brunot had not lived in vain, had he done nothing else than

inspire this young nephew with his own high ideals.

III

Then there were schools and school-masters. Several yellowed papers lie before me which are the bills of these early school-masters. The first is from John Dickey, who conducted what was called the Phoenix Seminary; the next is from John Snyder, of the Monitorine High School, who carried Felix through his eighth year. Then Felix was transferred to the Rev. Mr. Hopkins's school. And it is because Mr. Hopkins was a real influence upon Felix's boyhood that I must speak of his school at some length.

Mr. Hopkins had crossed the Alleghenies to engage in manufacturing iron; had become a lawyer in Pittsburgh, and finally entered the Christian ministry. He was a very young lawyer, but a brilliant and honest one, and his last year's salary as a lawyer amounted to \$5,000—a large income for those days. He was married and had one child; he had also one large debt, owing to a failure in his iron business, so that \$5,000 was not unattractive. But he gave it up and became rector of Trinity Church at \$800 a year. Later this salary was raised to \$1,000, again to \$1,200; but the family grew faster than the salary, and Mr. Hopkins decided to enlarge his income by opening a school. He had bought

land in the outskirts of Allegheny, and built his modest house on a hilltop overlooking the river. First he admitted to this family a few girls to be educated with his own little girls. Then, when his boys were old enough, he admitted a few boys to be educated with them. One of these boys was Felix Brunot.

This large family made it necessary to enlarge the house. A brick front was built, somewhat after the style of the collegiate Gothic, and one room was made into a sort of chapel, containing a small organ. Here the school and family met for prayers, morning and evening. Mr. Hopkins played the organ for the canticle and the hymn, and the music was his own composition. A very good copy of Raphael's Madonna of the Chair also hung in this room, painted by Mr. Hopkins himself.

Indeed, in this Episcopal Institute, as Mr. Hopkins called it, there was much to attract a young boy who was open to impression. There was a suggestion of the fine arts that could not but widen a boy's vision. There was neither dancing nor novel-reading nor vacation, but there was a patch of garden which each pupil had to care for as his own; there was an oak grove to play in; there were lessons in music and drawing and painting; and twice a year there was an evening concert in the large school-room, to which parents were invited. Besides, it was no mean view which Felix saw from his window. The

stately Ohio flowed by; and, looking up the river, two miles eastward, he could see the Allegheny and the Monongahela joining themselves together, where the smoke stood over the little city of Pittsburgh. All along the southern bank of the river was the range of high hills, and here and there he could see the miners start their loaded cars down the steep incline, till at last there was a crash, and one knew that the coal had been poured into a river barge, and would soon be on its way to St. Louis.

But there were also unpleasant aspects of life in the Episcopal Institute. Mr. Hopkins was, after the fashion of his day, a good deal of a martinet, and he spared not the rod. He had brought from Ireland an Irish temper as well as a sunny kindness. And, worst of all, his son, young John Henry, who later became famous as a church journalist, was constantly reporting the other boys for punishment; assisting the discipline of the school perhaps, but not his own popularity. Years later, when the school-master had become bishop, and was Mr. Brunot's guest in Pittsburgh, Mr. Brunot said to him: "Now, Bishop, that I feel somewhat more nearly on the same plane with you, I can tell you something. You used to punish me very often when I did not deserve it!" The bishop leaned back in his chair and laughed tremendously. "Felix," he cried, "that's what all my boys tell me!"

This discipline, deserved and undeserved, was,

however, only a passing shadow in the beautiful picture of this school life on the hill. June 30, 1831, Mr. Hopkins sent his last bill, because he was on the point of going to Boston to become assistant minister of Trinity Church. It was a hard break for him, his parish, and his school. At the bottom of this bill he added a note to Felix's father: "Above you have the last of our school accounts. Your dear boy, I trust, will go on improving, though in other hands, and in due time, by the blessing of God, realise your proudest aspirations.—With great regard, yr friend, John H. Hopkins." And as the old home and school broke up, Mr. Hopkins wrote his farewell in quaint verse, of which this is a fragment:

"Farewell, our Home, embosomed deep in trees,
And decked with all the garden's choicest pride!
No more we breathe thy woodbine-scented breeze,
Or tread thy flowery alleys side by side."

Felix had received impressions from this interesting man and his school which were to last through life.

After Mr. Hopkins's school was closed, Felix and his brother Hilary attended some of the classes at the Western University in Allegheny. Here he was finally prepared for college.

V

The influences of home I have not mentioned, yet they were the most vital of all. For his

mother, Felix had an almost worshipping reverence. And to his sister Elizabeth, who was the only sister who lived to womanhood, he was ever the devoted slave. These two noble women inspired him in his boyhood with the chivalrous nature which was one of his characteristics to the end.

And there were, too, the sorrows which come to a family. Of Felix's eight brothers and sisters, only Elizabeth and Hilary lived to maturity. Almost every year from 1827 brought death to the household. One died as a very young child, two when a year old, one when four years old, another six, and another fourteen. Upon a sensitive boy such sorrow has always a lasting effect. It was under this influence that Felix first began to express himself in verse. When he was thirteen his little sister Melzina* died, just four years old; and I have found among his papers these lines, which he wrote at this time:

Ah, she was a sweet—a lovely child,
 As bright as the morn of a summer's day;
 She was Peace when she slept—she was Joy when
 she smiled—
 And the Spirit of Beauty she seem'd when at play.

.

We've lost her—she's left us—that beautiful one—
 The bowl by the fountain is broken—
 Her spirit has gone to its long, long home,
 And still are those lips that so sweetly have spoken.

* Named for Mrs. Hopkins, their rector's wife.

I quote these verses to show the simplicity and the evident sincerity of the boy. Sorrow had touched his nature and had made it nobler.

CHAPTER III

COLLEGE DAYS

IN his thirteenth year Felix was sent to Jefferson College at Cannonsburg. This was an institution of about two hundred and fifty students, and was then deemed the best college west of the Alleghenies. It was fortunate in having at this time a man for president who was really a great teacher, Matthew Brown. Dr. Brown put his stamp upon the boys committed to him, and he sent them forth men. His name is still affectionately remembered in western Pennsylvania.

The life was of the simplest. Felix belonged to an eating club called the Union Association, wherein each member pledged himself to give some one thing for the common support. Felix gave as his share a barrel of molasses; and he used to tell how at times the viands became somewhat sticky, because the rest did not keep strictly to their agreement. The board was one dollar, twenty-two and one-half cents a week. The tuition was correspondingly cheap, being twelve and a half dollars a term. These term bills are signed by Andrew Munro, who was not

only treasurer of the college, but also the postmaster, and (though eighty years old) the wit of the town.

There were many pleasant people in Cannonsburg who opened their doors to the college boys. How agreeable their hospitality was to Felix we know from his youthful verses. You can well imagine the homesickness of the boy as the stage put him down in the little college town; for distances were great in those days, and Pittsburgh seemed very far away. And you can imagine how he sat by his candle that first night and wrote:

I've left, perhaps forever left,
My own parental kindred home.

The words sound a bit funny, as if they had a mock solemnity. But a few lines farther on they grow more real:

Oh, where's the confidential ear?
Oh, where's affection's gentle tone?
At thoughts like these, why starts the tear?
'Tis that I feel too much alone.

So the verses go on, till a dash of philosophy cheers the end:

And am I not in friendship's land?
Oh, yes! the stranger's open door,
The stranger's eye, the stranger's hand,
Speak to my soul in accents bland,
"Thy bark is on a friendly shore!"

I hold no brief for the poetry in these lines, but they serve to show a homesick boy determined to make the best of a new situation.

While Felix was at Cannonsburg, there was a class of students bent on reform. There had been convivial occasions during which it was thought proper to get drunk, on the ground that so it had been "from time immemorial." With a strong hand, against opposition, the reformers carried the day, and temperance reigned among the students of Jefferson College. Nor was the reform merely negative. There seems to have been a new religious enthusiasm pervading the place, for the students printed thirty thousand copies of a tract called "Duty to the Heathen," and distributed it broadcast through western Pennsylvania. Of this vigorous youthful religious enthusiasm Mr. Brunot always spoke with respect, and was grateful to it.

The great event of these college days was the visit of Daniel Webster to Cannonsburg. Fortunately I can tell the story in the words of a contemporary, Dr. S. M. Hamill. "At the ringing of the college bell," he writes, "we all assembled in Providence Hall, to hear an address from the great constitutional lawyer, and to be introduced to him. Dr. Matthew Brown and the distinguished son of Massachusetts stood up in front of the pulpit facing the large audience that filled the hall. In an outburst of eloquent eulogy the doctor welcomed the great senator, who fixed

his eyes on the speaker, and received it gracefully without moving a muscle, and was then presented to the audience. He turned and addressed the students, hat in hand, in an eloquent and appropriate speech. His theme was, 'Every Man the Artificer of his own Fortune,' and no one who heard it was likely to forget it. After the address we were requested to come in order, and as we passed by, we were introduced by Dr. Brown to the New England statesman, who took us by the hand very cordially, and we moved on. When the students were through, the citizens came. As Andrew Munro, the octogenarian postmaster, approached, stooping with age, and small of stature, Dr. Brown, who was a man of commanding personal appearance, and who held the old official in high esteem and often joked with him, said, 'Mr. Webster, this is Mr. Munro, our postmaster, and a much better man than he looks to be.' Munro stretched himself up, and, fixing his eye on the great senator, remarked, 'Mr. Webster, I am sorry that I cannot say the same of Dr. Brown!''

In this wholesome atmosphere of a small country college Felix Brunot spent three years. His grandfather's scientific ideas had so far influenced the grandson that he selected what was called "the irregular or scientific course," by which he pursued certain selected studies that would fit him to be a civil engineer. His natural taste for such a life was further strengthened by the fact

that his cousin, W. Milnor Roberts, was already a leader in the profession. And Felix eagerly waited for an opportunity to begin the work of life.

CHAPTER IV

A CIVIL ENGINEER

AFTER Felix came home from Cannonsburg he occupied himself in various ways, waiting for an opportunity to exercise his chosen profession. In 1837 W. Milnor Roberts, the famous engineer, came to Pittsburgh at the suggestion of the Monongahela Navigation Company, and, while there, was often with his relatives, the Brunots. "Mr. Hilary Brunot," he afterwards wrote, "was a remarkably kind-hearted, amiable, and benevolent man, and an humble and devoted Christian. . . . Mrs. Brunot was a fine-looking woman of commanding person and exceedingly amiable manners." He speaks of Felix as a quiet youth just on the verge of manhood and very studious.

Felix was not only studying mathematics and the natural sciences, but he was also reading many books, like *The Spectator* and *The Tatler*. Here he seems to have laid the foundation of his simple and elegant style, which was a characteristic of his letters and speeches in later life. He was also devoted to the English poets, reading them constantly. Moreover, he

was himself writing verses; some of them very good, and all showing the ease and grace which come from a sound literary taste.

It is perhaps unfair to quote any of them, since they were written for amusement; but they show a variety of interest and feeling that makes them a prophecy of the coming manhood. Some are solemn and religious, others are playful love-songs, still others are rollicking fun. Here is a fair sample, called *A Farewell to the Year*:

Farewell ! farewell to thee, old one !
Farewell to the fast-dying year !
Though the night of our parting 's a cold one,
Our meeting was scarcely less drear ;
Good night ! for thy journey is over—
Thy fate with the bygone is cast ;
As the maiden hies home to her lover,
Thou hast flown to the arms of the Past.

Then, good night to thee, old one ! Another
Comes now with his budget of joys ;
As fleeting, the fate of thy brother,
And as light are his trifles and joys.
Will he leave us as well—or better ?
Will he leave us in weakness or might ?
Or buried—or married ? No matter !
Good night to thee, old one ! Good night !

That is pleasant and thoughtful. Here is something more pretentious, making a dash into the realm of the imagination. It is called *The Hunter's Serenade* :

Wake, lady, wake ! Now the moonbeams are streaming
Softly and sweet through the prairie-propt sky ;
The star that breathes love, fairy Vesper, is beaming
As bright as the glance from thine own sunny eye.

Wake, lady, wake !
Beauty sleeps on the lake,
And the whippoorwill whistles his soft lullaby.

Wake, lady, wake ! Now the glow-worm is gleaming,
The thrush chirping love in the greenwood tree,
The wolf of the wild in the thicket is dreaming,
While all that is beautiful wakes, love, but thee.

Wake, lady, wake !
The moon sleeps on the lake,
And the whippoorwill whistles his soft lullaby.

Wake, lady, wake ! Ere the beams of the morning
Rob of its beauty the starry-gemmed sky ;
Haste, lady, haste ! Ere the daybeam is dawning,
We'll roam o'er the lea by the light of thine eye.

Wake, lady, wake !
Ere the morning beams break,
And the whippoorwill hushes his soft lullaby.

You would scarcely think this dreamy boy was going to do anything that the world calls practical. But when Mr. Roberts came to Pittsburgh again in 1838, he found Felix Brunot eager to start out with him on a surveying trip. Mr. Roberts's son, Colonel Thomas P. Roberts, has kindly prepared the following sketch of these years:

“ Mr. Brunot's first experience as an engineer was in the construction of the locks and dams of the Monongahela River, which to-day accom-

modate a traffic of more than six million tons a year, a volume of business unequalled by any similar works in the world. Mr. Brunot received his appointment on the first surveys of the Monongahela in 1838 from his father's cousin, Mr. W. Milnor Roberts, who, even then, at twenty-eight, was a noted engineer on State canal works."

Here Colonel Roberts quotes from his father's personal memoirs. "Late in the spring of 1838," Mr. Roberts wrote in these reminiscences, "I was again summoned to Pittsburgh, authorised to organise an engineering corps and begin the surveys of the Monongahela River. I appointed as my principal assistant Nathan McDowell, a careful, steady, and industrious gentleman. . . . The junior assistants under his care were S. Decatur Smith, Robert Clarke, and young Felix Brunot. I purchased a flatboat, had a house built on it, and stocked it with provisions, plain bedding, and furniture. I also procured the requisite chainmen and axemen, and a yellow man for cook, and in a few days started upon the surveys, gradually working up the stream.

"Just what Mr. Brunot's particular duties on this survey were I do not know," Colonel Roberts continues, "but judging from the beautiful map of the Monongahela Valley, from the Virginia line to Pittsburgh, which he made in 1841, I think he must have been the topographer. It

happens even to this day that Felix Brunot's map of the Monongahela Valley is the only reliable one in existence, and its outline of water surface has been adopted by the State.

“Some time in 1839 Mr. Roberts was appointed chief engineer of the State canal to Erie. The work was in confusion when Mr. Roberts took charge, and numerous changes were made in the engineers. He drafted young Felix Brunot from the Monongahela, making him a full assistant, and placing him in charge of some important locks on the lake shore between Girard and Erie. Associated with Mr. Brunot in this new work, as junior assistant, was Mr. William Bakewell, who for more than fifty years acted as Secretary and Treasurer of the Navigation Company. It was a long time to go back for reminiscences, but Mr. Bakewell brightened with pleasure as he told me of his services on ‘the old canal’ with Mr. Brunot. Their headquarters were at Lockport, where they were comfortably lodged, and where they were always proud to entertain their superior officers. On an adjoining division, over Elk Creek, there was an aqueduct to be built, over one hundred feet high, and eight hundred feet long. Some of the calculations nonplussed the engineers, but he and Mr. Brunot, who were sent to solve the problem, succeeded easily. One incident is worth telling. Mr. Brunot and Mr. Bakewell were one day walking along the line, each carrying a telescope, when Mr. Brunot de-

scried at a distance a gang of men. Setting up their instruments, they proceeded to see what the men were doing. The contractors were forbidden to cover up stumps of trees in the canal embankments; and yet, there before him, Mr. Brunot could see a foreman with his men rolling over the bank an enormous stump and filling earth upon it. When they reached the place, Mr. Brunot quietly said to the foreman that he wanted a hole dug to test the foundation. The place he pointed out was exactly over the concealed stump. The foreman suggested a 'better place,' but Mr. Brunot persisted in his orders, and great was the discomfiture of the foreman when the stump was brought to light.

"The financial panic of 1840, which was specially felt in Pennsylvania, resulted in the temporary abandonment of work on the canal. It was possibly the uncertainty of future employment that induced Mr. Brunot to give up engineering and seek another vocation. Mr. Brunot's connection with the Navigation Company began with this active service in 1838 and 1839, and later, from 1868 to the day of his death, he was one of its managing directors. This experience did much to keep him in touch with the civil and military engineers of the country. Such schooling in youth must have been invaluable to him in affairs of business life, where his practical knowledge, added to his proficiency in mathematics, enabled him to form reliable judgments;

hence the esteem entertained for his opinions by his colleagues in the various companies in which from time to time he was interested. There can be little doubt that had he continued the practice of his early profession, he would have become an accomplished engineer, and among the foremost in the nation. This leads to a thought which has often come to me when with Mr. Brunot—I mean his resemblance to Washington. Mr. Brunot, like Washington in his early youth, was a lover of nature, living much of the time in surveyors' camps remote from the dissipations of society. Physically they were not dissimilar as to height and build, while in Mr. Brunot there was the same dignity and reserve of character, which, though perfectly natural—no matter how familiar the acquaintance—no one cared to intrude upon. At all events, no other person whom I have met has ever suggested in so many ways my idea of Washington. Had Mr. Brunot, however, remained an engineer, he never could have accumulated the wealth to accomplish what he did in other fields far more important, useful, and enduring, let us hope, than the building of railroads, canals, and bridges.”

CHAPTER V

MARRIAGE

WHEN the financial panic of 1840 put a check upon engineering, young Felix Brunot, just twenty years old, looked to the West for a career. Boats, fitted with the comforts of life, steamed up and down the Ohio, and they were always crowded with passengers. On one of these boats Mr. Brunot sailed to St. Louis, and later his investigations brought him to Rock Island. The journey was not in vain, for he returned to Rock Island to engage in business. But this journey had even a pleasanter memory. On the crowded boat, as he returned to Pittsburgh, Mr. Brunot discovered a young acquaintance, a Mr. Nathaniel Hogg, of Brownsville, who was with his father and sister. Mr. Brunot was at once eager to know the sister, and asked his friend to introduce him. This he did, and the tall young woman admired the tall young man as much as he had admired her. These new friends got off at Evansville to visit their uncle, the Governor of Indiana, and Mr. Brunot went on to Pittsburgh alone, with something besides business whirling about in his brain.

In the spring of 1841, Mr. Hogg and his daughter happened to be in Pittsburgh of a Sunday, and naturally went to St. Andrew's Church. When Miss Mary rose from her knees, whom should she see just in front of her but the same Mr. Felix Brunot whom she had met on the boat! She already liked him so much that she feared he might think she had come there with the hope of seeing him. However, no such thought was troubling his mind, and after the service he quickly discovered her, and walked home with her.

George Hogg and his brother William were Englishmen, who had come to Brownsville in 1804 because of its large commercial opportunities, situated as it was at the head of navigation on the Monongahela River. They acquired large wealth, and, having the tastes of cultivated men, their homes were a delightful refuge for the traveller who sought a good library and genial conversation. George Hogg married Mary Bredding, the daughter of Judge Nathaniel Bredding, of Tower Hill Farm, whose family came to America in 1725. And April 8, 1822, their first daughter was born, whom they called Mary, for her mother. In due time Mary was sent away to school, first to Mrs. Barlow in Manchester, just outside Allegheny on the Ohio River, and later (in 1838) to the famous school of Mrs. Gardell (Miss Hawks) in Philadelphia; there to a character religious by nature was added the

Mr. and Mrs. Brunot in 1850



religious instruction of Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, which made her not only a brilliant woman, but also a power for the highest life in the community. In those days the journey from Brownsville to Philadelphia was more or less perilous. The cumbersome stage-coaches, drawn by many horses, dashed carelessly over the little hills, and when they reached the top of a steep mountain road, the horses were lashed into a mad gallop, so that the coach went crashing down the mountain at breathless speed, with many an accident in consequence. The school-girl never forgot these adventurous rides; but more than all, she never forgot the great Dr. Tyng and his vigorous and inspiring sermons.

For many years Brownsville was the leading town in western Pennsylvania, and was full of a very proper gayety. Coming home from school with somewhat austere ideals, Mary wished to avoid this wearisome round of pleasure, and so sought an asylum with her brother George, who was keeping bachelor's hall at Tower Hill, the country home, five miles away. She was, moreover, so attractive that it was convenient to escape the beaux who in town insisted on paying elaborate courtships. She had several proposals which perplexed her beyond measure. Perhaps, with a half-conscious wonder, she asked herself why these suitors were all so inferior to the young man who travelled on Ohio steamboats and went to church at St. Andrew's. It

was during this time that she gathered about her in her mother's kitchen, Sunday afternoons, sixteen negro children, whom she organised into a sort of Sunday-school.

In the spring of 1843 Mr. George Hogg removed with his family to Allegheny, which, with its business centre, Pittsburgh, was rapidly assuming the first place among Western towns. Felix Brunot now had opportunity to call upon Miss Mary frequently, but they still thought that they saw in each other only a very satisfactory and agreeable friend.

Meantime (in 1842), Felix Brunot once more made the trip down the Ohio River and up the Mississippi to Rock Island. This time he began his work, engaging in the manufacture of flour. It was a stroke of keen business sagacity. To buy wheat and to turn it into flour meant, in the forties, to become sooner or later a rich man, for this was the decade of the Irish famine, which drove up the prices of all breadstuffs. With capital, discretion in buying, and careful industry, success was certain even for a young man of twenty-three.

In this Western country, with the strictest attention to business, the verse-writing still went on. Here he had a chance to see the Indian, and the romance of the wild life of an untamed people entered his soul. He had also the inspiration of the prairie, that sea of earth, which seems more like infinity than anything else under

the sun. How it touched his spirit we know from lines like these:

Know ye a land where the rank grass waves
O'er the unploughed soil, where the wild wind raves,
Unbroken, unchecked, by a mountain or dell
For the eaglet's nest or the echo's swell,
Where the riderless steeds o'er the desert dash
On the wings of the wind, like the lightning's flash,
With nostrils wide and a flowing mane,
With mouths uncurbed by a bit or a rein?
Swiftly they course in their curbless haste,
Bounding in pride o'er the trackless waste.
Foaming, they snort, they plunge, they neigh,
Then wildly and free o'er the desert away!

Think what you may of the verses, they are written by one who has sat on a horse and has looked out over "the boundless waste," and has breathed in the freedom of it all.

There were days in Pittsburgh now and then, and friendly visits were paid which turned gradually into lingering visits of courtship. And when the lover returned to Rock Island there came to Pittsburgh long letters, crossed and recrossed, with little news, but not the less delightful for that. They lie to-day in a faded bundle, the relics of a true courtship too sacred even to read; to quote them would be sacrilege. But in an old scrap-book of verses there are these lines, among others, that perhaps may be put down:

A song, a memento, a line, love,
Is the boon that thou askest of me:

A song? Would my harp were divine, love !
For its chords should thrill only for thee.
It should soothe, wouldst thou listen, thy sorrow,
And trembling respond to thy tears ;
But if gay, from thy glance it should borrow
In a moment the rapture of years.

In the April of 1846 Felix Brunot and Mary Hogg were married by their lifelong friend, the Rev. William Preston, the rector of St. Andrew's Church. Immediately they sailed down the Ohio River, and then up the Mississippi to Rock Island. It grieved Mr. Brunot to carry his bride into this rough country of the pioneer; but, despite the luxury of her old home, she bore the change valiantly and joyfully. First they lived in the inn at Rock Island, which was very comfortable, especially since they had several rooms to themselves, in one of which their meals were served privately. Here they entertained the old rector of Brownsville, Bishop Jackson Kemper, who found in Mr. and Mrs. Brunot a taste of the old home which he had sacrificed in his heroic missionary life. But there was one fly in the ointment: Mr. Brunot was obliged to be all day at his mill across the river in the little town of Camden, and Mrs. Brunot found the separation of a whole day quite unbearable, especially since she had grave doubts about the quality of Mr. Brunot's luncheon. So at last she announced that she was going over to Camden to live. This was alarming news, for the

largest house in Camden had precisely two rooms. However, Mr. Brunot prepared to submit to the inevitable, and he began to enlarge one of these cottages. When the tiny house was finished, their furniture was moved in, an untutored maid was installed, and the house-keeping began. And what happy days they were! Neither maid nor mistress could cook, so Mr. Brunot brought home a book on cookery, and after breakfast every morning there was deep study of this book to see what they should prepare for the day. The house was near the mill and its office, and there was opportunity for the owner to steal into the peaceful home, now and then, through the day.

Here, too, was begun the custom of family prayers, which always had a peculiar earnestness in the Brunot household. It is interesting that when Mr. Brunot hesitated, through shyness, to begin the custom in his little home, Mrs. Brunot, with the Prayer Book and Bible, took the lead; and then, the habit being formed, the head of the house assumed his place naturally at the family altar, at which, always after, he ministered gladly till he could no longer speak. It is a beautiful instance of a woman's willingness to do first what both husband and wife desire to do.

In a long and happy married life of more than fifty years these few months in the cottage at Camden were the happiest.

CHAPTER VI

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY

HENCEFORTH this book must tell the story of both Felix and Mary Brunot, for it would be impossible to tell the story of one alone.

In 1847 Mr. and Mrs. Brunot returned to Pittsburgh. Mr. Brunot invested the happy results of his Rock Island business in the steel works of Messrs. Singer, Hartmann, and Company, and in this firm he was a silent partner the rest of his life. His father was a rich man, but Mr. Brunot started upon the career of wealth independently. Perhaps riches came to him with greater rapidity because, in spite of his industry and skill, he seemed to live so far above them. Indeed, no one ever felt that he was a man of business, because, from this time, his chief attention was directed to philanthropy.

Mrs. Brunot's father purchased the large corner house by the park, at 50, Stockton Avenue, Allegheny, and gave it to his daughter; and this was Mr. and Mrs. Brunot's town home always afterward. It almost invariably had at least one guest, and often the house was quite full. To its hospitable door the distinguished visitor to

Doorway of Mr. Brunot's Allegheny Home



Pittsburgh inevitably turned, and he never forgot the cheer of that happy fireside.

The first public measure in which Mr. Brunot was interested was the Mercantile Library of Pittsburgh. As a boy he had soon exhausted the books on his father's and grandfather's shelves which a boy would care to read, and he remembered how he had longed for a roomful of books adapted just to his taste. So, in 1848, with several other gentlemen, he founded the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association, thinking, as the name implied, chiefly of the boys and young men. The day of free libraries had not come, but the Mercantile Library had merely a nominal fee. It has now yielded to better things in the wonderful systems of to-day, but many a man in Pittsburgh can recall with gratitude the debt he owes to the old Mercantile Library.

For many years Mr. Brunot was the president of this association, and his reports show how vigorous his interest was in it. He pleaded again and again for the public spirit which would make it really a great library, and from year to year he noted its modest progress. In connection with the lending of books, the association controlled a course of lectures each winter. "Kindred institutions in other cities," Mr. Brunot writes in his report for 1859, "have pronounced the lecture system a failure. We are not prepared to come to the same conclusion, for we believe it

one of the legitimate and efficient means by which the association is to carry out its mission of instructing and elevating as many as may be brought within the sphere of its influence. It is true that the pecuniary result of the lectures does not ordinarily compensate for the labour and risk, but even if the association were to meet with an annual loss in conducting them, a sufficient reward will be found in the gratification and instruction of its members and the community. We deprecate that view of the lecture system which would degrade it into a mere scheme for putting money into the treasury, and would not be tempted by the prospect of any amount of pecuniary advantage into knowingly lending the influence of the association to adventures for the propagation of infidel or immoral sentiments, or converting its rostrum into a platform for the exhibition of strong-minded women."

It was not only in his annual reports, however, that Mr. Brunot appealed for the objects of the Library Association. He was constantly appealing to the community through open letters to the editors of the Pittsburgh papers; and respect for his character and judgment made these frequent letters a power for good. "You ask," he says in one of these letters, "What is the Library Association about? The committee have engaged Bayard Taylor and John G. Saxe, and are in correspondence with others. Mr. Everett has promised if possible to come. Messrs. Beecher,

Seward, Douglas, and other distinguished gentlemen have been written to. . . . There are many lecturers of a less national reputation than these who might be engaged, and who are highly appreciated in other cities. They would be equally appreciated here, *if an audience could be induced to go to hear them*. In other cities a course of lectures is attended by those who desire to improve themselves, and to encourage efforts for the improvement of others, pretty much as our people go to church. Now and then we may be caught with a dull sermon, but it does not deter us from going to church nevertheless. In Pittsburgh, unless the person who delivers the lecture has been thoroughly puffed by the newspapers long enough to seem to be either famous or notorious, there is no certainty of getting an audience. This indifference and want of appreciation ties the hands of the committee. It is no small thing when they have invited a lecturer of admitted ability, as was the case more than once last winter, to bear the mortification of introducing him to an audience not large enough to pay for the room and lights, much less for the lecturer."

Vigorous sentences of this sort roused Pittsburgh from its commercialism, and the lecture course was maintained. But Mr. Brunot was not even yet content. One evening toward the end of 1864, the audience was awaiting the arrival of Professor Agassiz, when Mr. Brunot rose from

his seat and said he wished to call their attention to a very important subject. Since entering the hall he had spoken with several on the necessity of a hall which could belong to the association. It had been difficult very often to get a suitable place for the lectures, and such a building, belonging exclusively to the Library Association, could be used not only for books and lectures, but also as a gallery of art and for a museum. The scheme appealed to the people at once, and within a few days large subscriptions were made. In his report for the year, Mr. Brunot told of the rapid success of Bates Hall, the then public library of Boston. "What Boston has done in ten years," he wrote, "we must do in ten, fifteen, or twenty. Boston differs somewhat from Pittsburgh, it is true. It has a population of twenty thousand more than Pittsburgh. It has a larger proportion of men of wealth, perhaps. And it certainly has very many who appreciate the uses of a noble public library, and its beneficent effects in the general elevation of the people. As to the first two points, we have ample population and wealth to supply the desideratum named for our attainment. If but the will existed among us generally, the means for it could be procured in a day, and no man feel poorer from the gift. In superior appreciation of the value and effect of a great public library, Boston has the advantage, but its knowledge has been gained through a century of education. We may profit by her experience,

without undergoing the slow process by which she attained it. If we want a steam-engine as good as the Corliss engine, or better, we take that—or improve on it; we do not begin at the original Watt, and work up through years of experiment. Any new machine which can be demonstrated by the experience of others to be worthy of a large outlay is adopted, and the old goes by the board. Convince the liberal citizens of Pittsburgh, by the experience of older cities, of the inestimable value of the great educational machine we propose, and it will become their pride to place it in the very front rank of its kind.”

So Mr. Brunot pleaded for the institution, which, as he said, filled the gap between the school and the church. But though the subscriptions came in fast, the building was not finished till 1870. The people then rejoiced in its possession, for it was deemed the most imposing building in the Pittsburgh of its day. It was, what it aimed to be, the popular intellectual centre of the city. It is interesting to notice, among the large subscriptions, the name of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who a quarter century later was to do such great things for Pittsburgh precisely in this way. If he were asked, one may be sure he would tell how his enthusiasm for public libraries began in the days when Mr. Brunot spoke early and late to the people of Pittsburgh about the need and the value of a great public library.

CHAPTER VII

A BUSINESS MAN

THE Mercantile Library was only one of many interests which engaged Mr. Brunot's energy during the decade before the Civil War. As one goes over the papers relating to this period of his life, one feels that he made every benevolent opportunity a business, and all his business became an opportunity for public-spirited benevolence. The library has shown how systematically he entered into such good works; it is now proper to show the purpose which guided his business enthusiasm.

I

He was one of the first to recognise (in 1851) the advantages of a railway from Pittsburgh up the Allegheny Valley. He ably pointed out how northwestern Pennsylvania would be sending its lumber to Pittsburgh, and how Pittsburgh would find a large and growing market for its coal, particularly in western New York. He told how the ironmaster would be benefited by the road. The present policy of the State was especially

favorable to stockholders, and he urged that shares be taken at once, so that the governor could issue letters patent and the opportunity be seized while the legislature would grant it. "Are there not," he wrote, "two or three 'millionnaire' owners of vast estates who will take the whole small amount of stock now necessary to accomplish so desirable a benefit to themselves and their less able fellow-citizens? Are there not twenty among the wealthy and enterprising of this hundred thousand, who will each take a hundred shares of stock and be profited thereby? Alas, there is not one! But there are five hundred manufacturers, merchants, draymen, and labourers who will each take one, two, five, ten shares, and my prediction shall be accomplished: in three years the shriek of the locomotive will be echoed from the furnace walls of Clarion and Venango, to reëcho among the pine forests of Warren and McKean."

The first meeting of the stockholders of the Allegheny Valley Railway was held in Pittsburgh, February 12, 1852, and at this meeting Mr. Brunot was elected a director. He served continuously in this capacity until 1876, and from 1860 to 1866 he was president of the company. At all times he took great interest in its management. Notably at the time of its completion he was strenuous in his objections to a plan advocated by many, by which Liberty Street should be given up to railways. Mr.

Brunot argued for the tracks by the river, thus keeping the dirt and confusion from the centre of the city, and yet bringing the terminus of the road to a convenient place for business. The thoroughness of his argument appears when one sees how he weighs the interests of the property owners, of the steamboat owners, of the lumbermen, and of the company itself. Though urging a principle higher than utility, he met the utilitarians on their own ground, and won the day.

Of Mr. Brunot's connection with this railway, Charles B. Price, Esq., now general superintendent, writes: "The minutes of the board show him to have been prominent on committees and in originating business for the board. Not only from the official records, however, but from other sources, including testimony of many yet living who were associated with Mr. Brunot in various ways during his connection with the company, I should say that it would be hard to estimate too highly the value of Mr. Brunot's character and capacity, both to the company he served and to those who shared with him its early struggles."

II

It would be wearisome to speak of all Mr. Brunot's business enterprises, for they were varied and many, but one further illustration of his "grasp of the situation" may be permitted. During the April of 1858 he went to Pilot Knob,

Missouri, to investigate the iron mines which men expected would outrival the mines of Pennsylvania. We catch one of his characteristics if we notice how the journey itself interested him apart from its commercial value.

“What can I say,” he exclaims, “about forty hours’ travel right along in the cars? No stopping at old-fashioned taverns, with their swinging signs, their sparkling fountains, and big horse-troughs, and quaint little corner bars; no comical genius of a ‘driver’; no mountains to walk up or hills to rattle down; no kicking ‘lead horse’; no harmless break-down or frightful upset.

“Our train was very much like all other trains westward bound in April. We had the group of men on their way to Kansas, the merchant who lives at St. Paul, the rather quiet gentleman who looks as if he might be somebody and who hails from St. Louis, the farmer who is rather afraid that Wisconsin and Minnesota are too far north for corn and stock. There was the lady with three children and a small husband, who makes the family, inclusive of robing, satchels, bonnets, and husband, to occupy four double seats. We had that indispensable requisite to a complete train, a newly married couple. This particular pair were ‘biling and cooing,’ snuggling up to each other on the smallest possible pretext of weariness or something to whisper about. It was wonderful to observe the amount of disgust,

contempt, pity, or ridicule they excited in the rest of the passengers. One man, with a genial face, glanced uneasily about him for a while, fumbled in his jacket, then in his trousers, and finally down in the deep recess of a side pocket, where he found the object of his search—a strong-smelling, darkened, old pipe bowl. Next the tobacco was produced in a yellow paper, the bowl filled to overflowing, then a stem was hunted up and twisted into its place, then a match was fished up from out the pocket, the whole process done with the utmost deliberation. The bride stared with mute astonishment. The groom was beginning to boil with honest Massachusetts-bred indignation. What! will the man dare to smoke in the ladies' car? The lady with the small husband was just sending that useful individual to tell the conductor, when a crisis was reached—the awful weapon charged, primed, and with match at hand for instant application, was quietly deposited in a side pocket, ready for a harmless whiff at the next station."

A different sort of interest engaged him on his way from St. Louis to Pilot Knob. After speaking of the construction of the new Iron Mountain Railway, every detail of which he seemed to see, he tells of the country through which he passed. "The road winds along the foot of the bluffs on the west side of the Mississippi for thirty miles," he says, "finding barely room for its construction between the broad stream and

the toppling limestone crags. The speed of the cars, allowing but time for a passing glance, leaves the notion that they must be grand old castles, the stronghold of some race of giants a thousand years before the mound-builders. At one point you try to peer into a curious cave, half concealed by the hanging ivy, but before the eye is fairly fixed upon its depth, a broad, inaccessible gallery juts out from the face of the rock. What a stronghold, that, for an Indian warrior, pursued by a hundred foes!"

With such refreshing observation and reflection he came to the business in hand, the examination of the iron mines at Pilot Knob. A bundle of letters lies before me describing the mines and their working from every point of view. After this thorough description he proceeds: "But facts like these would, at first blush, seem to indicate that capital and the easy access now had by railroad to these enormous deposits of ore, will soon enable the companies owning them to supply all America with iron, and put an end to our Pennsylvania competition. But there is an indispensable element lacking. It is *fuel*. The surrounding country is not well timbered, and unless the railroad is extended to the heavily wooded region further to the southward, it is not at all likely that any larger quantity of iron will be manufactured on the spot than the present works are capable of producing. The ore will be quarried and carried to the fuel.

Whether the coal fields of Missouri or Illinois will have any value for the smelting of iron, is yet to be tested. To my own mind the doubt amounts to belief that the coal will not answer for that purpose, and it is not improbable that in a few years, more of the Missouri ore will be smelted with stone coal, in sight of Pittsburgh, than at the Iron Mountains, or even the city of St. Louis."

In another letter he discusses more fully the relation of these rich mines to Pittsburgh. By careful and detailed calculation he estimates that the ore can be brought to Pittsburgh at a net cost to the consumer of six dollars a ton. "With our cheap coal," he goes on, "it may be smelted at the very doors of the puddling furnaces, which convert it into malleable bars, and yield a handsome profit to the manufacturer of the metal. In this business there seems to be an opening for some enterprising capitalist, and if any one should take up the subject for a more thorough examination, let it not be forgotten that two tons of ore is the outside quantity for a ton of iron; that the furnace would turn out fifty per cent. more per day than if running on any Pennsylvania ore; that as soon as the pig grows cold in the casting house it will be at its best market, without necessity for transportation, agencies, or commissions. The capital required would be less than necessary for the same business elsewhere. The outlay for dwellings nothing. The

thousands of acres of timber, the farms, wagons, mules, etc., appurtenant ordinarily to the furnace, would be unnecessary—a hundred feet square or less, on the brink of the river, would suffice for the business. The troublesome army of colliers, ore diggers, teamsters, and supernumeraries would be dispensed with. The usual six or eight months' accumulation of 'stock' would be useless, for the supply might be brought from week to week and the product sold every day if desired. When manufactured the metal would be worth more per ton than the best brands of stone coal iron from other ore."

III

How keen Mr. Brunot always was to business opportunities is also evidenced by his public letters on A National Armory and Foundry, written in December, 1861. Herein he urges that the Western foundry proposed by the Government be established at Pittsburgh, and an amazing array of facts he marshals to enforce his pleading. Now, it is the rate of duty on steel which he discusses in an open letter to Mr. Darwin Phelps, who in Congress has influence in forming a tariff bill; again, it is a series of published letters on the tonnage tax, in which he shows the injustice of the discrimination of the Pennsylvania Railway against Pittsburgh,

and adds a prophecy which has signally been fulfilled: "Judged from the past and present operations of the company, Pennsylvania has a fearful future before her, for her legislative and executive departments are likely to sink into mere contrivances to carry out against the people the behest of a corporation with more money, patronage, and power than the State government." Further, he is giving tariff talks to farmers; finally, he is speaking before the Cincinnati Board of Trade on improvements in the navigation of the Ohio River, asking: "Is not the radical improvement of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers a national object? You have in the East a great river—great in width, great in depth, great in commerce which floats upon its bosom—but insignificant in length. Suppose that by some freak of nature the Hudson should be reduced for three months in the summer to an almost worthless navigation, what expenditure would be thought too great to restore it to its normal condition? Would ten, fifty, a hundred millions, be thought too much? We have here—from St. Paul to the mouth of the Ohio—from Cairo to Pittsburgh, eighteen hundred miles of river—with banks more fertile than the Hudson, richer in mines and forests and wealth-producing elements, capable of being made as useful for navigation as is the Hudson, yet now useless for one-fourth of the year."

All these business enterprises, and many more,

won his enthusiastic support; and yet the silent partner in the steel works of Messrs. Singer, Nimick,* and Company seemed to the men who ordinarily met him only a philanthropist.

* Formerly Messrs. Singer, Hartmann, and Company.

Book III

LOYALTY TO CHURCH AND STATE

“ Though love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,—
‘ ’Tis man’s perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die.’ ”

CHAPTER I

PITTSBURGH LANDING

MR. BRUNOT was never in doubt about his sympathies in the inevitable conflict between the North and the South. As early as 1854 he wrote, in reference to the Missouri Compromise: "Use can never sanction wrong. If the first 'compromise' of the fathers of the Republic has been violated, and the defenders of the great principles of human liberty have from time to time been driven back by the aggressive spirit of the South, until they stand on the last rampart, beyond which retreat is not only dishonourable, but disastrous (and who will dispute the fact?), it is our duty not only to stand firm, but to advance."

He had dreamed that the issue might be met by statesmanship, but he was not unready for war when it came, though he called it "unnatural." He refused the high military commission offered him by his friend, Secretary Stanton, and another, later, offered by General Sherman, preferring a duty more difficult and more perilous, because he thought himself, both by nature and by training, especially adapted to it. This was

the aid of the sick and wounded in the hospital and on the field, who, he felt, were sadly neglected. Moreover, he could afford to give his services, and need therefore only wait for his opportunity. Minor opportunities came through the first year of the war, more especially in visiting camps to see that honest rations were issued to the army, for which he had the warmest thanks of the War Department and the gratitude of patriots. Mrs. Du Pont, the wife of Admiral Du Pont, wrote to Mrs. Brunot: "I have heard of Mr. Brunot's patriotic devotion, and it thrilled my heart, as I know it will my husband's when he hears of it. It inspires new hope in the success of the good cause to hear of such devotion to it. And tell Mr. Brunot I am proud to be his compatriot, both French and American."

But the real opportunity came when, after the battle of Shiloh, news reached Pittsburgh of agonising suffering, for the Union army had lost ten thousand men in killed and wounded. April 10, 1862, Mr. Brunot and a noble band of nurses and physicians volunteered their services. The city at once fitted two relief boats with medicines and other supplies, and invited Mr. Brunot to take charge of the expedition. This he gladly did. Mr. Brunot hurried to Cincinnati by rail, made additional purchases of coffins and cots, and was ready for the boats when they came. They then moved up to the Tennessee River as rapidly as possible. "From

the time the boats left the city of Pittsburgh," he wrote, "until we reached Pittsburgh Landing, the labours of those on board were incessant; over two hundred single and seventy double cots had been made from lumber taken on board for the purpose. About three hundred mattresses were made and filled with straw, and nearly the same number of pillows and a large number of shirts and towels."

At Pittsburgh Landing the work began in earnest. There were few Pennsylvania soldiers in the engagement, so Mr. Brunot's boats offered aid to every soldier who needed it. "At Crump's Landing," wrote Mr. Brunot, "we ran alongside of a hospital barge, and there just began to understand the horrors of the unnatural war. The barge was crowded with men in all stages of disease—some lying on bunks or cots, many on the floor—with inadequate attendance, no suitable food, almost no medicines, and not the slightest approach to comforts which render sickness tolerable. The atmosphere of the place was so laden with exhalations from the sick, as to repel the more timid of our company who attempted to enter. The physician in charge seemed to be doing his best and to feel deeply for his men, but with the means at his command he was powerless. We brought away seventy-five of these poor fellows, some of whom seemed already beyond treatment. One of the latter, who was rejected because about to die, lay by the pas-

sageway. The frequent sight of his youthful and emaciated face excited the sympathy of all, and at the last moment he was taken on board, as we supposed only to die. He is now fast recovering, and in a few days will be with his mother."

In this way four hundred and forty soldiers were cared for and brought to the hospitals along the Ohio, nearest their respective homes. Only eight died on the way.

One of the members of the expedition tells of an incident which Mr. Brunot does not mention in his letters, but which is too characteristic to pass over. "Among the wounded," writes Mr. J. S. Slagle, "was a man who was supposed to be dying, whose person was so offensive that no one seemed willing to handle or wash him. Mr. Brunot asked one of the colored servants to do it, offering him extra pay, but he declined. Mr. Brunot then turned to a young volunteer and said to him, 'Can't you and I do something to make this man more comfortable?' And getting a tub, they half filled it with water, and then getting a sponge and soap and towels, gave the poor fellow a thorough cleansing, and laid him on a clean cot, where he remained till he died. I know that Mr. Brunot called frequently to see him, and did many things to make him comfortable."

In his report, after his return to Pittsburgh, Mr. Brunot sums up the work: "Whatever doubt

may exist in the community at home as to the propriety and wisdom of the expedition, there is none among those who formed a part of it. We know that the relief afforded, and the many lives saved, richly compensate for the cost of the expedition, or the personal inconvenience or labour incurred—and thank God for having put it into your hearts to accomplish so noble a work.”

This sounds cheerful, but the words of his journal show that the cheerfulness was heroically forced. Forty-eight of the soldiers were brought to Pittsburgh, and placed in the Marine Hospital, which was turned over to Mr. Brunot's charge. For their sakes he felt obliged to keep up, but the blood poisoning contracted on his dangerous journey was dragging him down daily. Dr. Dixon and Dr. Thorne, of the expedition, died, and within three days Mr. Brunot was very ill. For many weeks he could not be moved except in a blanket, and through all his delirium he raved about the sad scenes of the battlefield.

Towards the last of May the doctor said that if he could be induced to make the effort to go to the Diocesan Convention at Philadelphia, nothing would do him more good, for his mind could perhaps thus be diverted; and under the date of May 22d, a note in his journal says: “I conclude I cannot recover here and will start to Philadelphia this afternoon.” On the 2d of June

he had a relapse. His spirit was not daunted, however, and under the date of the 5th he writes: "I am better and hope to be well in a day or two, and to be able in some way to do good to the sick and wounded soldiers."

CHAPTER II

SAVAGE STATION

THE story of the summer of 1862 is so far typical of Mr. Brunot's life during the war that I venture to give it in some detail. And it has seemed wise to give it as far as possible in the hastily written notes which from day to day he put in his journal:

“Monday, June 9th, 11 P.M. I have just started for Washington.

“Saturday, 14th. I am getting better, and hope to be able to go to Whitehouse-on-the-Pamunkey. I have spent three hours in the hospitals here to-day, and the same yesterday.

“Monday, 16th. I received telegram this evening at eight, saying that twenty nurses were to come from Pittsburgh to my charge as director. I answered, ‘All right, send them along.’ So without my decision, Providence has fixed that I am to go to the Peninsula. My dear Molly's letters beg me not to go, but I am sure she will see it is my duty and approve of my going, whatever comes to me. God will take care of us.

“Tuesday, 17th. This evening I attended a meeting of Pennsylvanians for the relief of the

sick and wounded. I gave fifty dollars as my share. At the meeting I received word that Miss Dix wished to see me. I went at 9.30. Miss Dix gave me useful information, chiefly confirming my own knowledge. At eleven I got a telegram from Thomas Bakewell saying that *thirty-one* nurses and doctors would be in Baltimore in the morning.

“ Wednesday, 18th. I took the early train for Baltimore, and twenty-eight nurses arrived at 12.30. I got transportation of Major Belger, and we left at six in the steamer for Fortress Monroe. . . .

“ Thursday, 19th. We arrived at Fortress Monroe at 7 A.M., where I reported to Dr. Cuyler and left Dr. Walker and five nurses. Then we left for Whitehouse, arriving at 6 P.M. . . .

“ Friday, 20th. I telegraphed Surgeon Kipler about our arrival, and received an order at eleven to go on steam transport Louisiana and take charge of her, but I delayed till he came in the evening. Then we had the option of going to Savage Station, where a new general hospital was being established. I chose this as the best chance of usefulness.

“ Tuesday, 24th. I returned to Whitehouse, gathered up the party of nurses, and came to Savage Station. We had supper of hard bread and coffee—the beginning of our camp life.

“ Wednesday, 25th. The larger part of the sixteen hospital tents were pitched, and every

effort was made for the approaching fight, but we shall not be ready. The force at work is small and inefficient, for only fifty men have been detailed from the different regiments. I have made me a bedstead out of a piece of picket fence, and shall be quite comfortable. This place is prettily situated on a knoll. The house is a good two-story white frame, not very large, with log tobacco barns, negro quarters, etc., about it. The railway passes through the middle of the farm, which is mainly rolling ground, all in sight of the house.

“ Thursday, 26th. I was actively engaged all day in preparing a tent and looking after some sick and wounded. The wounded have been shot mostly on picket duty.

“ Friday, 27th. To-day a battle has been going on to the right of us. The firing is like the constant rolling and rattling of thunder. I went over to the One Hundred and Second Regiment and saw the men march out, and spoke encouraging words as they passed. Then I went to the hospital and saw several Pittsburghers, to whom I have sent some things as I promised. I saw an ambulance pass with some men just wounded, so I hastened back to the station. The wounded began to come in quite fast, and I was actively engaged in ministering to their wants and getting them under shelter. At dark they were brought in large numbers, and continued to come in all night long.

“ Saturday, 28th. I lay down at 5 A.M. exhausted and sick. The tents are full, and the yard around Savage’s house was covered. The surgeons were at work all night, with three amputating tables constantly occupied; arms and legs lay about, and hundreds of wounded. The scene cannot be described. I lay down at 5 A.M. and rose at 6.30 A.M., not having slept. At twelve Dr. Swinburne gave me a bottle of Catawba wine and *ordered* me to bed. I lay there about two hours, and to work again, having had breakfast (crackers and coffee) at eleven, and no dinner.

“ At noon I received a message from headquarters that the civilians had better make their way to Whitehouse as rapidly as possible. The necessities of the wounded were such that the message was disregarded, the entire party remaining at their several duties. Such of the wounded as were able to walk went with the army towards James River during the afternoon and night.

“ Sunday, 29th. General Heintzelman and his staff left their tents, and as I had given my bunk to a wounded lieutenant Friday night, I took possession of Lieutenant Hunt’s tent and had my sanitary stores put into it.

“ About noon the last of the long line of wagons in the retreat of the Army of the Potomac was disappearing from Savage’s farm. The work of destroying the arms and stores was com-

pleted, and the flames and smoke still rising from the huge pile of *débris* and burning cars on the track. The rear-guard was drawn up a few hundred yards from the hospital for battle with the pursuing enemy. Nearly two thousand wounded filled the tents, and three or four hundred were without shelter. Dr. Swinburne asked for one hundred more nurses and received only thirty, and many of these even had already fled.

“ Under the circumstances, I gathered my volunteer party and briefly informed them that in a few hours the camp would be in the hands of the enemy, and they were released from the obligations of their agreement: they could follow the retreating army if they so desired. As for myself, I told them I should remain with the wounded.

“ Towards evening several regiments and some artillery formed in the field in front of us, as for battle. Soon after the pickets began to fire, indicating the approach of the enemy. Soon one of the shells, evidently fired at us, burst over our tents, then another, and another. We sent out a white flag to tell that the house was occupied as a hospital, and the fire was turned elsewhere. A wounded man, however, had been killed in a tent a few feet off. The whizzing of the shells did not suggest any idea of danger to me, and I was cool and collected, and went forward and saw the battle. While standing out before the yard, another shell came close over my head and

burst out at the edge of the railway. Several wounded came in, and the amputations begun again. The night came on and a heavy rain. Many were laid out on the ground in it, and many left in the field until morning. About 2 A.M. a man came and told me he and his comrade had carried a wounded man nearly to us, and the comrade had given out. I got another, and with my lantern went across the track some distance to the place, and as we returned about seven or eight rifle-shots were fired at me, all together; no doubt from the enemy's pickets, who had approached as our own retired. I heard the whirr of the balls, but no harm was done. One of these balls seemed to explode, making a noise like a defective Chinese cracker.

“Monday, 30th. The Confederate pickets took possession of us this morning early. When the enemy gathered up the Pittsburgh party with the others to be marched into Richmond, I found that eleven of the twenty-one had remained at the post of duty. Dr. Swinburne and I protested against the proposed inhumanity of depriving our wounded of their services. We were allowed to remain on condition that we care for the Confederates as well as our own men, and we could not leave the line without Confederate permission.”

If these notes are fragmentary, they are also vivid. Happily I may give further words written by an eye-witness, Dr. Marks—the old friend of Mr. Brunot's boyhood—who was a chaplain in

one of the Pittsburgh regiments at this time. "In June, 1862," writes Dr. Marks, "on my visit to the hospital at Whitehouse, I saw near the large hospital tents a new tent, and coming out of it was Mr. Brunot. He called me, and I was greatly rejoiced to see him. It was a greeting and a blessing from home. I found that he had brought to us something to meet every want and to soften every ill: clothing for the naked, medicine for the sick, and food for the hungry. His tent was filled with testimonials of pity and love from friends and relatives for their dear ones in the dreadful scenes of pestilence and battle and storm. The suffering of our army was great beyond words. The heat was that of Africa, benumbing every nerve, and sending the decay and feebleness of paralysis along every muscle. Violent thunderstorms were our almost daily visitation. In the midst of the two thousand sick men lying in the hospital tents, Mr. Brunot was a ministering angel. He found his way to the side of each, and his patience, sympathy, and cheerfulness were the best medicine. No man could have been more fitted for the time, with a piety most unaffected, and with a kindness that never wearied.

"After the battle of Gaines's Mill," Dr. Marks continues, "on the 27th of June, our army began its retreat to the James River. Mr. Brunot had his headquarters at Savage Station, where were gathered fifteen hundred sick and wounded, and

on Saturday seven or eight hundred were added from recent battles. And now arose the question, What shall be done with these men? To take the sick would seriously impede and endanger the whole army. The entire body of disabled was therefore left behind. The apprehension of that day struck to death many a man who might have lived. With the surgeons, chaplains, and nurses it became a question of the deepest moment what to do. 'Shall we secure our safety by going with the retreating host, or shall we stay with those who cling to us and plead with us? If we stay, it is to breathe the air of pestilence, to be ill-treated, perhaps to die of starvation.' On this day I had come up from my hospital at the Carson house to Savage Station, and I found the army wagons with all the materials needed for the march, the troops under arms, and the officers standing by their horses, and around us were the wailings and the sobs of anguish from those to be abandoned, as they thought, to die. In this distressing hour I met Mr. Brunot, and asked him, 'Are you going to stay or go?' 'I remain,' was his reply, and I never can forget the noble, majestic look on his face as he said it. This fixed in me the determination to continue with my hospital. On the morrow our army was gone, and we were all taken prisoners."

CHAPTER III

LIBBY PRISON

MR. BRUNOT had been told, it will be remembered, that he would not be molested if he would care for the Southern wounded as well as for those from the North. This he gladly and faithfully did. Meanwhile, the number of the wounded had increased to twenty-five hundred. "The surgeons and nurses laboured to the point of exhaustion," Mr. Brunot wrote, "and Dr. Milnor and Dr. Sutton died at their work, while several nurses were down with the fever. For a week the horrors of the place were indescribable. There were hardly hands enough even to bury the dead in the shallow trench just beyond the tents, and it took the utmost exertion of all in the camp to minister to the helpless, while all about the accumulations of decaying matter were foully offensive in the July sun."

At the end of this horrible week Mr. Brunot and his noble associates were marched off to Richmond, by order of General Winder, in spite of their remonstrance against the inhumanity of separating them from the helpless soldiers, and in spite of the Confederate promise that they should

be unmolested.* They reached Richmond about nine in the evening of July 8th, and after they were stripped of their possessions† they were

* "SAVAGE'S STATION HOSPITAL,
" June 30, 1862.

"General :

"At the request of the Pittsburgh Sanitary Committee, I came to this place in charge of a band of volunteer medical cadets and nurses whose services were offered temporarily, and without compensation from the Government. Most of these were distributed to other points. The following are the names of those with me at this hospital :

Oliver L. Miller,	} <i>Medical Cadets.</i>	
W. E. Gosling,		
J. W. Wightman,	Jno. Beltshoover,	} <i>Dressers</i> <i>and</i> <i>Assistants.</i>
Jno. Bryant,	Leopold Hart,	
Isaac Brown,	Wm. H. Smith,	
Thos. G. Smythe,	Jno. Haney,	
Thos. McCombs.		

These men were given the opportunity to leave with the army. I deemed it a duty to remain—they refused to go.

"I report myself and them to you as citizens engaged only on a mission of humanity—*yet earnest for the success of our cause*—and request that if possible some arrangement may be made by which we can remain with the wounded, and the men return to their homes when their services are no longer required—or at least that we may be placed on the same footing as surgeons.

"Respectfully,

"FELIX R. BRUNOT.

"TO THE GEN'L IN COMMAND OF
CONFEDERATE FORCES."

This report was returned with the following endorsement signed by Gen'l Magruder :

"Mr. Brunot and his party are to be permitted to remain as requested, with the understanding they are not to leave our lines without permission from the Confederate authorities."

† Mr. Brunot retained one hundred dollars in gold, which was not discovered.

thrust into Libby's tobacco warehouse, commonly known as Libby Prison. There they found eleven hundred of Union wounded, in every conceivable condition of destitution and suffering. Mr. Brunot was treated as a physician, and had the honour of sharing the physicians' quarters. The floor was filthy, but he fortunately had a blanket to put between it and his weary back. "At bedtime," he writes in his journal, "the surgeons, by squeezing a little closer, made room for me on the floor. The others of my party lay on the floor of the second story among the sick." All medicines and other comforts were taken from them.

Under the date of Wednesday the 9th, Mr. Brunot adds to the picture: "We are not permitted to step out, for a sentinel with gun and bayonet is on guard at each door." Then on the 10th he writes: "This morning the officer in charge came to say that Judge Baxter had sent for me, so I went to his office with a guard. The judge asked me to take an oath to answer truly. I stated the circumstances which brought me here, and he offered me a parole of thirty days, and proposed I should try to get exchanged for Mr. Lawrence Washington. I agreed to accept the parole, and am now waiting to hear further. I long to get off so as to represent to our government the situation of the wounded, and urge some measures for getting them away from this place." Friday, the 11th, he reports: "No

word has come from the authorities. Last night five other surgeons came in, and there are now about twenty in this place. A club or mess was formed this morning, and the commissary sent out for ten knives and forks and ten bowls. They cost us twelve dollars." Then comes Saturday with: "Another night on the floor. About noon I was sent for by Judge Baxter; he told me that the arrangements for my parole were effected and my papers would be ready to-day." But Sunday brought disappointment. "I gave my parole," he writes, "yesterday evening for twenty days,* and went to General Winder's office for my papers. He was absent, and in consequence I am now told that I must wait until 3 P.M. and go with the surgeons, for they are going too." Monday he went to see the officers, some of whom were his friends.

* "C. S. MIL. PRISON,

"RICH'D, VA., July 15.

"In consideration of my release for 20 days upon this my parole of honour I do solemnly swear that during that time I will not take up arms against the Confederate States of America. Neither will I (during the 20 days) do or say any thing which may tend to give aid or comfort to the enemies of said States; but will confine myself strictly to the requirements and objects of my parole as stated in the letter from the Sec. of War of the Confederate States to Brig. Genl. John H. Winder of 11th July, '62, and if failing in that I do solemnly promise that I will return to the custody of the Confederate authorities.

"FELIX R. BRUNOT.

"Witness,

"E. W. Ross, Clk. of Prisons."

“The generals,” he says, “have a small square room divided by rough boards from the room in which are the colonels and majors, and these are separated from the captains and lieutenants. The average of room is about five feet square for each.

“Last night when I had spread my blanket on the floor to lie down I heard my name spoken. It was one of the hospital nurses calling me, for, he said, a man in his ward wanted to see me. As I threaded my way in the third story through the crowd lying on the floor, the nurse told me the man’s case was hopeless. He was very glad to see me, and said, ‘You don’t know me, Mr. Brunot, but I know you.’ I asked him what I could do for him. He answered that he was starving and wanted an orange. Alas! I told him an orange could not be bought in Richmond, but in the morning I would buy him something. I asked him if he wished any messages for his friends. ‘Yes,’ he answered, ‘tell them I have lost my leg, but in all my pain I do not regret giving it to my country.’ Then I asked him how he felt about eternity. ‘Oh, Mr. Brunot,’ he cried, ‘I have not lived a good life; I don’t like to think of the hereafter. I am wicked and you are good.’ Then I told him that my Saviour was his too, and I prayed with him, but the prayer did not seem to find an echo in his heart. Then the hymn, ‘Just as I am,’ came to me, and I repeated it. ‘Oh, Mr. Brunot,’ he cried,

‘that’s for me, that’s for me!’ This morning I went again to see him, and he was dead; but the nurse told me a great peace came over him for an hour after I left him, and then suddenly with a gentle sigh he died. I can tell his friends at home that a full pardon was brought to him when his body and soul were in such deep distress.”

Monday night Mr. Brunot thought something surely must be going to happen when at nine o’clock an orderly came, saying: “Adjutant Turner wishes Mr. Brunot to come as quickly as possible, bringing everything to his office.” “I hurried off,” writes Mr. Brunot, “and found Mr. Lawrence Washington and Mr. Wirt there. They had been sent to have me paroled, and we were to leave at six Tuesday morning. But the paper from the Secretary of War ordering my release was, as they said, mislaid, and so I refused to go, or attempt to go without it, since it alone could properly show the conditions of the release. The whole matter was accordingly necessarily postponed till Wednesday at nine. Then the paper was on hand and the business settled, and I was to go with the gentlemen, before named, *via* Fredericksburg. In the meantime, being no longer a prisoner, I got a boy to carry my luggage, and as my friends were stopping at the Monumental Hotel, I went there. On the way up street I saw Mr. Van Lew, who asked me to go to his mother’s house. Just as I was entering

the Capitol Square, a man asked if I were Mr. Brunot, and said General Winder wished to see me. I went at once to his office, and he told me I must go by Petersburg at three o'clock. I hurried off, no time for dinner or even a cake. I just made the cars, and in three hours I found myself here in Petersburg." Here, again, there were delays, but, as he wrote, waiting for his supper at the Bolingbroke, "After my hard fare, camp life, and week of sleeping on a floor, a supper and bed will be odd." Another odd thing was that Major Carr, to whom he reported, knew his uncle Felix "fifty years ago," and was therefore specially courteous to him. He also amused himself by buying some trinkets at a shop for Mrs. Brunot as a "memento of Petersburg and the C. S. A." "I told the shopkeeper," he says, "that I was a Yankee, and in the course of a pleasant chat he informed me that the Confederate armies will be in Philadelphia in three months. But just here I was interrupted by a message from Colonel Carr that a flag of truce would be provided for me at 4 P.M." Going to the station, he found a locomotive and a single car, upon which he was the only passenger. It was only seven miles to City Point, but one more delay interposed itself in a bridge which was being repaired. At last he was transferred to the truce boat from the Federal fleet, and was once more sleeping in a Union tent. On the 19th (Saturday) he arrived in Baltimore, and by

noon he was in Washington waiting to see Mr. Stanton at the War Office. "A few minutes ago," he writes under this date, "the brother of Sergeant Walter Beeson came in, and I was obliged to tell him of his brother's death. He was so much affected that I declined to give any particulars, but told him to call at the hotel at three. Poor Beeson! I little thought, when I insisted on his giving me some message for his friends, that he would be dead in an hour, yet it was so."

Going to his friend Secretary Stanton, he said, "I came to see if you would exchange me for a Southerner." "I would give nine of them for you," was the warm answer. But when Mr. Brunot explained the terms, Mr. Stanton withdrew his word, and said it could not be done because Lawrence Washington was a pirate. He then assured Mr. Brunot that his arrest was illegal, and therefore his parole was not binding, so that he must not go back in any case. To which Mr. Brunot could not listen, of course, since he had explicitly given his word to the South that either he or Lawrence Washington would return.

Then, under Monday, he writes: "At four left for home. Once more on the way to see the loved ones. I felt happy as a king ought to feel." And Tuesday, "*Home again!*" Mrs. Brunot used to tell how tattered and forlorn he looked as he came in at the gate, for, in addition

to other unusual living, he had come home on a soldier's train, sitting on the floor of an open car. And just as she was to claim him for her exclusive property, a Congregational minister came up to ask all about his brother, and Mr. Brunot stood at the gate and told him all to the last detail, anxious as he was to be in the home with Mrs. Brunot alone.

The next entry in the journal is under Sunday, July 27th: "A happy day at St. James's. Most of the time since my return has been occupied in giving information personally or by letter to the friends of the wounded whom I saw at Savage Station and at Richmond. Even to-day several have called. Sometimes the duty has been sad beyond description, but, on the whole, it has abounded in the happiest emotions of sympathy with those who are given joy by the sweet news of loved ones."

The tone is somewhat different in the entry under Monday: "I am starting to-night on my way to Washington, not knowing but that I must deliver myself up at Richmond in accordance with the terms of my parole should I not be exchanged. I never felt so sad at leaving before. I tried to conceal it from Molly, but fear I did not cheer her much. Shall we ever meet again?"

Wednesday he reached Washington to find the substance of a telegram that had been sent to Pittsburgh from Mr. Stanton. "No official no-

tice of your release," the telegram read, "has been received, but arrangement has been made and our prisoners are being sent home, so that you are practically released." Then he adds: "Finding Mr. Stanton engaged, I went to see Secretary Wolcott, who took the paper to Mr. Stanton and returned with the reply that he had nothing further on the subject, but he knew the Confederate Government would release the rest of my party or had done so, and that he had sent special instructions. There was nothing in all this which released me from my parole; I therefore went to the Provost Marshal, General Wadsworth, and made inquiry into the charges against Washington. I found Mr. Washington in the old Capitol prison, and heard his story, and on Thursday, 31st July, I got the papers in the case, and took them to the Secretary of War. He declined to examine them, saying I was released by the agreement in regard to surgeons. I told him I could not see it, and wished to know if he declined to release Mr. Washington. He said that the Confederate Government had admitted that we were entitled to unconditional release, and he, at any rate, should decline exchanging political prisoners for us. I said, 'Then I shall go to Richmond.' "

Accordingly he set out at once, meeting General Dix at Fortress Monroe, who advised him to see General Thomas. But neither General Dix nor General Thomas had received any word

from the Secretary of War about Mr. Brunot or his party.

At City Point the exchange commissioners were at work, but since all the prisoners, both officers and men, were ordered to walk to Richmond, twelve miles away, Mr. Brunot was preparing to join them. "I have felt more gloomy to-day," he writes, "than at any time before. The idea of going back is horrible to me. I gave myself up to the commissioner, formally, this morning." After writing this he saw the Confederate commissioner again, who told him that, if General Thomas were willing, he would exchange him for Mr. Lawrence Washington. So the walk to Richmond was delayed, and with brighter prospects he began to think how he was to sleep. "I spread my blanket on the grass," he says, "put my travelling bag under my head, and looking up at the moon, thought about my wife and wondered what she would think could she see me at that moment."

Wednesday morning, August 7th, General Thomas came, and said to Mr. Brunot at once, "Certainly, I will exchange any one for you whose name you will give me." In a few moments the exchange was formally announced, and Mr. Washington and Mr. Brunot were both free. General Thomas urged him to get on his nephew's boat, The Knickerbocker, which was going down the James at once. "Right glad am I to be free again," he wrote, "beneath the

stars and stripes. I have sent a note to my friends in Libby Prison, and shall in a day or two, I hope, be in Washington trying to get them released."

Worn in body as he was, Mr. Brunot continued in and about Washington for three months of that dreadful summer. Wherever a battle was expected, there he went immediately with a band of surgeons and nurses. And he made regular visits to all the hospitals within reach. At the Seminary Hospital in Alexandria one day he came to a young man who looked so bright that he said: "Well, my friend, there is nothing much the matter with you, is there? Where are you wounded?" "Both of my feet were shattered with a shell at the second battle of Bull Run," he answered. "Four days I lay on the field; my company left me to die, but they put a canteen and some crackers by me; only an enemy came and took them. Then the rain fell on us, and I thought how much less I had to suffer than the Saviour, for He had nothing to moisten His lips, and I had the cool rain from heaven. Then I was brought here and had my legs taken off, but by the grace of God I am as well as I am." Mr. Brunot took his hand and said, "With such feelings nothing can hurt you; so many of your comrades are without this comfort." "Yes," he answered simply, "one of our men lay beside me out there on the field, and he said he did not know how to pray, so I told him

the prayer the Saviour taught, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' That is my prayer, and God has heard it."

Nor was this Mr. Brunot's only work. Every day he received letters from friends asking about their kindred in the war, and to all he sent the most careful answers. His note-books are filled with details about the soldiers he met, and about those whom he knew to be dead, so that he might be able to give the comfort of accurate information to those who sought it. It was the end of August before he had succeeded in releasing his assistants from Libby Prison. Yet he was full of good cheer.

"Do you know, Molly," he said, years later to Mrs. Brunot, "the best dinner I ever ate? It was that day at Savage Station when, after I had been working for thirty-six hours with the surgeon, some one put a bit of mutton into my tin cup as I went to my tent, and I cooked it over the fire. I never ate anything half so good as that!"

CHAPTER IV

THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF 1862 *

ON the 14th of September, 1862, Mr. Brunot started from home that he might be at hand to help in the great battle that was expected. He fell ill in Washington, but notwithstanding was at the battle of Antietam on Wednesday, the 17th. It was one of the bloodiest battles of the war, each side losing more than ten thousand men, and the cause of the Union had gained no hope from it. Unwell, his hands and heart filled with the most trying labours, Mr. Brunot felt as never before the wickedness of such a war: it seemed to him midnight in the nation.

In this mood he came to the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, which assembled in St. John's Chapel, New York, the 1st of October. He was a delegate from the Diocese of Pennsylvania, with the Rev. Drs. Howe, Goodwin, Hare, and Leeds, and Messrs. Conyngham, Welsh, and Cope. The opening sessions were

* Aside from private papers, the material of this chapter is gleaned from current New York dailies, and current numbers of *The Christian Times*, *The Church Journal*, and *The Episcopal Recorder*.

uneventful, but on the morning of the third day of the Convention, after a short discussion of a rubric, Mr. Brunot rose and said that he had just come from the battle-field of Antietam, where men lay in blood after the dreadful conflict. He had heard, he said, that the Convention did not intend to introduce anything about the state of the country and a divided Church; the Church was rent by these men and yet the Convention was assuming that the Church was still united. He would, therefore, offer resolutions which expressed, he hoped, the sentiment of the Convention. He simply asked for prayer for their beloved land.

The resolutions, which were then read by the secretary, were as follows:

"Whereas, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the universe to permit sedition and privy conspiracy in our midst to culminate in an extensive rebellion against the civil power ordained by Him, and for the just punishment of our sins there is war in the land—brother against brother, son against father ; and

"Whereas, A portion of the brethren of our Church have attempted to sever by ecclesiastical enactments the visible bond of Christian sympathy heretofore existing between us and them, thereby grievously rending the body of Christ in His Church ; and

"Whereas, We acknowledge that there is no help but from God, and rejoice that we are permitted to fly to Him for succour in our sore distress ; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the House of Bishops is hereby requested to set forth for the use of this Convention during its present session a special form of prayer, confessing and

bewailing our manifold transgressions, pleading for God's forgiveness, begging that it may please Him to be the defender and keeper of our National Government, giving it the victory over all its enemies ; that He will abate their and our pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices, and giving them better minds, forgive them for the evils they have wrought ; that He will restore our National Union, bring back peace and prosperity to the State, and godly unity to the Church ; and that He will keep us therein by His perpetual mercy, to the honour and glory of His Name."

"That resolution," said a New York paper, "startled the grave and reverend Convention like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. Had the marshal made his appearance on that floor with authority to take the Convention to Fort Lafayette, they could not have been more alarmed. Dr. Hawks looked up with fear and astonishment depicted on his countenance. Judge Chambers, of Maryland, though an old man, grew red in the face and convulsive in the fists, and pronounced the resolution a firebrand. Dr. Leeds, pale and trembling, said he could not help what his colleague had done—he had warned him to no purpose. The Rev. Dr. Mead unconsciously stepped out of the Southern pew in which he prefers to sit, and uttered his protest in the aisle. Rev. Mr. Doane, son of the late Bishop of New Jersey, wished the incendiary document laid upon the table without comment. General Goddard, of Ohio, moved to have the resolution laid upon the table.

“ Amid this tornado of excitement, when timid men grew pale with fearful apprehensions, and angry men looked apoplectic, Mr. Brunot was calm and self-possessed. He did not propose to recall nor even modify his preamble and resolution. He made no apologies, but bravely faced the storm of opposition that fell upon him. For a while he stood alone like the column on the coast of Alexandria.

“ By-and-by a small, light-haired man with large blue eyes and earnest countenance arose, and in a few brave words, which were ‘like apples of gold in pictures of silver,’ committed himself in favour of the resolution. ‘God bless Murray Hoffman!’ said a sweet-voiced woman, and, doubtless, she echoed the sentiment of many hearts.

“ Then arose a tall, handsome man of perfect symmetry, and walked down the aisle. He faced his auditors, and in words of wonderful eloquence denounced the Rebellion, and appealed to the Convention to manifest its loyalty. It was Dr. Francis Vinton, of Trinity Church, New York, who thus proved that he had the pluck as well as the education of a soldier.”

During Dr. Vinton’s speech the president stopped him and announced that the House of Bishops had sent in the following resolution:

“ The House of Bishops, in consideration of the present afflicted condition of the country, propose to devote Wednesday, the 8th day of October inst., as a day of fasting,

humiliation, and prayer, and to hold in Trinity Church a solemn service, appropriate to the occasion.

“The Bishops affectionately request the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies to join with them in said observance.”

Dr. Vinton at once turned the interruption to account as he continued: “Thus we have the endorsement of the House of Bishops, which comes to us like a voice from heaven. We are here as the trustees and guardians of the Church. To ignore the question, is to be false to our trust. The finger of scorn would be pointed at every man who would stifle an expression of our loyalty. Human nature, and Southern human nature, would respect us the more for taking a decided stand on this question. If the Church South had done its duty, the Rebellion would not have assumed the phase it has taken.”

Dr. Vinton was followed by the Rev. Dr. Goodwin, President of the University of Pennsylvania, who, “in an exhaustive argument, completely swept away the sophistry of those who had assailed his colleague.” Private conscience, he said, could not be depended on, else the good men of the South would not have seceded from the Church and nation; a prayer was needed to express the conscience of the Church.

Then Governor Hunt, with strong Southern sympathies, spoke, while Governor Seymour covered his face with his hands.

The resolution was voted to the table. Immediately came a motion to reconsider, and Mr.

Murray Hoffman offered substitute resolutions in explanation; but, by a close vote, the clergy and laity were divided, and the motion to reconsider was declared lost, and the house adjourned.

But the matter would not drop, and the next day, Saturday, after some perfunctory business, Judge Carpenter, of New Jersey, offered a resolution calling upon the bishops for a prayer for the country. "There has been," he said, "a disposition to ignore this question, but can we do it? Can we take no notice of a question which brings fear and sorrow to so many families? Who will deny prayers for the safety of the Union?" Mr. Brunot, Judge Atwater, Mr. Hoffman, Mr. R. C. Winthrop, and Governor Seymour spoke upon this, and the whole matter was referred to a committee of nine. Resolutions were offered by one after another, and all were referred to this committee. And so all of Saturday was consumed in the earnest discussion of what came to be talked of as The Brunot Resolution.

Day after day, through the whole three weeks, in one form after another, this question was debated, and it was the most brilliant debate, the Rev. John Henry Hopkins of The Church Journal declared, of the seven General Conventions which he had attended. The Pennsylvania delegation stood staunchly by their colleague, and Bishop Alonzo Potter used to come frequently to the hotel to comfort his friend whose brave words

had so roused the conscience of the Convention and brought down upon his single head such opposition. Mr. Brunot protested that he fully hoped hereafter to meet brethren of the South on the floor of the Convention in friendship. And he heartily concurred in a speech by Dr. Clarkson, afterward Bishop of Nebraska, when he said that "some of the brethren at the South were *misguiders* rather than misguided. In some places our brethren had been put in the van, and helped to urge the rest of the community into the vortex of rebellion. No man had tenderer ties binding him to those in the South than he, yet he would be faithless to his conscience and his Master if he did not protest mildly, yet firmly, against the acts of Southern Churchmen. The family, the Church, and the State were all of divine appointment, and if the Church could not say to the State in her trouble, 'God bless you and save you!' then God have mercy on the Church! For the Church to do nothing *now*, would be to enact the part of the Priest and the Levite in the parable of the Good Samaritan. He begged them not to mind the cry of 'No politics!' it was the old cry of 'Wolf!' The Rebellion was not yet over, and the votes given in this house might decide whether the Ship of State was to go down or to outride the storm."

It was indeed a critical moment, and no one in the Convention certainly knew so thoroughly as

Mr. Brunot what was at stake. From Shiloh to Antietam he knew by actual contact and by personal suffering what the war meant. And having a sure vision of the right, he was in no mood to take a Gamaliel-like attitude and wait for the future to declare the will of God. There were in the Convention some, of course, who were largely indifferent to the result of the war, but most of those who dissented at all from Mr. Brunot's resolution, did so on the score of expediency, thinking that the Churchmen in the South might be more easily won back if nothing were said about their defection at this time. Moreover, there was the usual number of timid folk who pleaded that politics must not be talked of in the Church, to which the vigorous answer was that the present question transcended altogether so-called politics. And once, when the committee on hymns was reporting during a lull in the debate, Mr. Brunot called for the reading of one of the hymns in the Prayer Book, and the secretary, in compliance, read:

“ Now may the God of grace and power,
 Attend His people's humble cry,
 Defend them in the needful hour,
 And send deliverance from on high.

“ In His salvation is our hope :
 And in the name of Israel's God,
 Our troops shall lift their banners up,
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.”

Whereupon Mr. Brunot said he hoped a committee would be appointed to report whether that hymn was or was not a political one. The Convention understood at once, and for the first time in twelve days smiled.

All the debates, though intensely earnest, were conducted with unfailing courtesy, and when, towards the end of the Convention, the vote was about to be taken on the resolutions of the Committee of Nine, there were a few moments of silent prayer, and by a very large majority the resolutions were adopted. Mr. Brunot's wish had therefore been granted; and, in the words of the third resolution, the Convention pledged "to the National Government the earnest and devoted prayers of us all, that its efforts may be guided by wisdom and replenished with strength, that they may be crowned with speedy and complete success, to the glory of God and the restoration of our beloved Union." Moreover, the Pastoral Letter of the Bishops, prepared by Bishop McIlvaine, and read at the final solemn service of the Convention, was in hearty sympathy with the resolutions; so much so, that Mr. Brunot's old schoolmaster, Bishop Hopkins, would not even be present in the Church. But Bishop Hopkins did not represent the Convention, and Governor Seymour's prophecy had been fulfilled: "Nothing is to be feared from free discussion, for it will prove us a united Convention and a united Church."

At a time when the Union needed moral support, particularly in England and Canada, the body of men who could best give it were induced to break through their conservative traditions and to express the patriotism which as a Church they really felt; to say, in other words, that they were not only a Church in a nation, but of it. And the man to whose brave initiative this was due, according to the testimony of the speeches of such excellent judges as the Rev. Dr. Vinton and the Hon. Horatio Seymour, was Mr. Brunot. The public press was quick to announce the debt due a Church that with such grace could speak firmly for the nation; and a journalist, preëminent in the New York of that day, wrote in an appreciative article: "Mr. Brunot, of Pennsylvania, is the hero of the Convention. He had the coolness and the courage to introduce a resolution which reflects great credit upon his head and his heart. One brave man, like Mr. Brunot, has served to rally a party of unexpected strength."

Once more Mr. Brunot had served his country bravely and well.

CHAPTER V

THE PITTSBURGH SANITARY FAIR

THROUGH the remaining years of the war Mr. Brunot was constantly going to and fro. Now he was in Washington with Secretary Stanton, who was always eager for his news from the front; now he was on the battle-field, carrying ice and port wine to the wounded, in a glass, which seemed to the weary soldiers even more of a luxury than the cool wine itself; now he was writing verses on *The Flag*,* on *The Nine Months Man*, or on *The Soldier's Song*, which were eagerly

* "BOYS, KEEP YOUR EYES ON THAT FLAG!"

NOTE.—The last words of General Birney, who died from wounds received in battle, were, "Boys, keep your eyes on that flag!"

Keep your eyes on that flag, boys ; its azure
 (True blue) is the color of heaven ;
Each star on its field is a treasure
 By freedom from tyranny riven.
'Tis red with the blood of God's heroes,
 Who died for the weal of God's men ;
'Tis white with God's justice to cheer us—
 Keep your eyes on it, boys, to defend.

read. The Nine Months Man, a ballad read instead of a speech at the Soldiers' Hospital at their

Keep your eyes on that flag—'tis of freemen
 The ægis and hope of the slave ;
 The darling of soldiers and seamen,
 The ban of the traitor and knave ;
 Kings love not the banner which, flashing
 Aurora-like light o'er the earth,
 Is the symbol of liberty—clashing
 With the right to be despot by birth.

Keep your eyes on that flag, boys, in battle,
 As it luringly gleams through the gloom ;
 What reck's it of musketry's rattle ?
 It flaunts at the rebel his doom.
 Charge ! Charge ! boys ! the foeman is flying ;
 A curse on the cowards who lag ;
 What matter though wounded or dying,
 Still, boys, keep your eyes on the flag.

Keep your eyes on that flag !—there is glory
 To gain where it marshals the van ;
 There are names to be won for the story
 Of liberty's triumph for man.
 Shall liberty triumph ? Then rally !
 And dash to the front with the brave,
 As the hurricane sweeps up the valley,
 With your eyes on the flag, boys, to save.

Keep your eyes on that flag !—'neath its waving
 Soon traitors shall sink to their doom,
 No man fellow-mankind enslaving,
 For peace sweetly smiles through the gloom.
 When war's dread alarms are all ended,
 With children and wife by your side,
 As you cling to the homes you've defended,
 Keep your eyes on the flag, boys, in pride.

Christmas dinner, became so popular that the committee printed three editions of fifteen thousand copies. In all this work he had Mrs. Brunot's earnest coöperation. The brief letters which they exchanged through these stormy years show the tender woman shrinking from the danger into which her husband was going, and feeling a loneliness which the faint words on the yellowed paper still make quite plain, yet always urging him on to the great and difficult work which he so gladly did. As he wrote from Gettysburg a rough note in pencil just after reaching the battle-field: "The poor captain I saw to-night was so grateful for Christian sympathy that I am ten times repaid already for coming."

But Mr. Brunot's great achievement during the closing years of the war was the Pittsburgh Sanitary Fair, over which he presided. The 5th of March, 1864, the Sanitary Committee resolved to hold a fair to raise funds for the coming season. At an adjourned meeting an executive committee was elected, consisting of Mr. Brunot as chairman, and Messrs. J. Park, Jr., J. O'Connor, J. I. Bennett, J. Watt, J. W. Chalfant, T. M. Howe, J. H. Shoenberger, W. S. Haven, F. B. Jones, M. W. Watson, and C. W. Batchelor. It was also voted at this meeting that "no raffling, betting, or games of chance be permitted in the buildings or on the grounds of the proposed fair."

It is pleasant to take the record of this work

from Mr. Brunot's own words. "The first meeting of the Executive Committee," he says, "was held on the 12th of March, ten members being present. It was at once evident that the members of the committee had neither timidity nor doubt of success, and they did not fear to adopt a scale of operations far beyond the ideas of even the most sanguine of their outside friends. They decided not only that there was no hall of sufficient size, but that all the halls of the city, if to be had, would not have the required capacity. They decided that no lot in the old city limits was large enough for the buildings they would erect, and that they must resort to the extensive grounds of Allegheny. And there was not lumber enough just at that time in the yards, and a committee was sent to Cleveland to purchase the fair buildings there at a cost of ten thousand dollars. . . . The first day of June was fixed upon for the opening of the Fair.

"When considerable progress had been made, the committee learned that a fair was to be held in Philadelphia at the same time. The Philadelphia committee had already distributed their circulars in all parts of the State, and had even sent delegates to Pittsburgh to solicit subscriptions. The Pittsburgh committee resolved to confine their operations to the counties west of the mountains, and the chairman opened communications with leading gentlemen in each county, and organised auxiliary efforts wherever practica-

ble. It was soon found that from parts of even this restricted territory little could be expected. The northeastern counties had been canvassed for the Cleveland Fair just closing, and in other northern counties, committees were already at work for Philadelphia. . . . Ohio had been drained by the fairs of Cleveland and Cincinnati. The Executive Committee strove to make up for the deficiency in territory by a more thorough working of the field available. All party differences were ignored in behalf of humanity, and innumerable conflicting elements were reconciled, so that when the Fair opened every opposing or doubting voice was silenced, and nearly the whole population of Pittsburgh, Allegheny, and the surrounding boroughs formed one community of willing hearts and hands to make it a success."

Mr. Brunot wrote hundreds of letters in connection with the Fair, of which this circular to the "Mechanics, Miners, and Workingmen" is a fair sample. "I am directed," he says, "by the Executive Committee of the Pittsburgh Fair for the sick and wounded of our army and navy, to ask you to give the proceeds of one day's labour, in your ordinary vocations, to this Fair; and the appeal is made in the confident hope of a generous response. One day's work in the year will not be hard for each man to give, and yet the aggregate sum produced will be a splendid testimonial of your sympathy with the noble

soldiers of the Union, who are so freely giving every day and their lives for the glorious cause.

“None but those who have seen the operations of the United States Sanitary Commission on the field and in the hospital, can tell how great the benefit it works out for the soldiers; and even the soldiers themselves, while their lives are being saved by the Commission, often do not know whence the aid comes.

“If any one supposes that the workingman or the poor man has any less real stake in this struggle for liberty and union than the manufacturer, merchant, or land owner, he is in error. The poor man or his sons may become rich, the rich man and his sons may become poor. Whether rich or poor, the blessings of the free institutions, watered in their planting by the blood of Revolutionary martyrs, and cultivated to their present perfection by the wise statesmen of the republic, belong to all, and for ourselves and posterity ‘*must and shall be preserved.*’ Some of us must fight, others must work; and among all the modes by which we who are at home can labour for the holy cause there is none more effective than to aid the sick and wounded soldiers. Every life saved is a man given to his country, and leaves one man at home, who would otherwise be needed to fill his place. . . .”

“This letter,” Mr. Brunot writes, “elicited a liberal response.” Letters went out to all classes in the community, from bishops to school-child-

dren. Among original modes of stimulating the country districts, a premium of three thousand dollars was offered to the county which should donate the largest aggregate of cash and goods to the Fair, the sum to be expended in the erection of a monument to their soldiers, Allegheny County being excluded from the competition.

“ On the 12th of April, the Cleveland lumber having arrived, a meeting of master carpenters was called to arrange for the erection of the buildings. They gave without charge about one thousand days of labour; . . . and on the 23d of May the flag was raised to its place on the central building. . . . The buildings were erected in the Diamond, or central public square of Allegheny, and included the handsome City Hall just completed, and six other buildings, of which the smallest was one hundred and fifty feet long and fifty feet wide.”

Inevitable delays presented themselves, and it seemed impossible to be ready in time, and the chairman was urged to announce a postponement; but, instead, he announced that there would be no change in the original programme, and hundreds of willing hands worked the faster to keep his word. By three o'clock of the 1st of June all was done, and the visitors poured in. All the shops and offices in Pittsburgh were closed, and at four o'clock the grand civic and military procession moved from the Monongahela House. The Governor and his staff passed first into the

great auditorium, then the Executive Committee, then the clergy, the cadets and returned soldiers followed next, and finally the doors were thrown open to the immense crowd which surged in, leaving thousands outside to disappointment. Mr. Brunot called the assembly to order, and in a few graceful words opened the Fair. Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, had been invited to offer the opening prayer, but his place was taken by the Rev. Dr. Preston, of St. Andrew's Church. The orator was the Governor of the State, the Hon. A. G. Curtin, since Secretary Stanton was kept in Washington by the battle of the Wilderness. After the benediction the other buildings were open to the public, and a delighted and amazed throng it was. The unique feature of the Fair was Monitor Hall, wherein was a lake sixty-five feet long and thirty-two in width, with an island in the middle. On the island was a fort; here models of the newest guns were mounted, all one-tenth size, and on a projecting point stood a light-house. In the lake itself, however, was the most interesting "live specimen" of naval architecture, the model Monitor. "Day after day the warlike craft kept up her cruise round the lake, being brought to at intervals, while her enthusiastic commander charged her real guns, and applied the minute fuse which discharged them at the proper moment against her enemy, the Merrimac, shocking the nerves of the women at each discharge, and

causing a rush of newcomers to the ticket office. These and other wonders were the creation of the workmen of the Fort Pitt works and their friends under the direction of the committee."

For eighteen days this Fair was the busiest spot in western Pennsylvania, and at the close it was found that \$320,000 had been cleared for the sick and wounded soldiers. This was accomplished without diminishing gifts from other sources, for the fortnight before the Fair opened the committee sent \$50,000 to Philadelphia for the Christian Commission. Of the receipts from the Fair \$80,000 were set aside to establish a soldiers' home after the war. When the war was over, the funds remaining on hand were added to this sum, making an aggregate of \$183,000. "The Pittsburgh Sanitary Soldiers' Home" was immediately established with this endowment, and there Mr. Brunot, one day in February, 1867, in behalf of the people of Pittsburgh, received the Senate and Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania, and spoke to them of the part which Pittsburgh had played in the great war.

During the summer of 1864 the Confederate army was expected to march on Pittsburgh, and earthworks were thrown up on the outskirts of the city. Public-spirited citizens took their turns in guarding the outposts, and Mr. Brunot camped as a private on Herron's Hill. Indeed, there seems no aspect of the war which his eager zeal

did not touch. And to the very end he was at the front with all the aid a Christian gentleman could give to wounded or dispirited soldiers. Three times sickness drove him home, but he never lingered longer than was absolutely necessary, and when the war was over his system was so full of the poison of disease with which he had been so constantly surrounded, that his physician told him his one chance was to leave the country and get a complete change, and so, almost a dying man, he sailed for Europe with Mrs. Brunot.

CHAPTER VI

A SUMMER IN EUROPE

AN American's first visit to the old world is always an important event in his life. And though it is not the function of a biography to make itself a guide-book, it is necessary to tell with what emotions a man first looks upon an ancient city and sees the Alps.

Mr. and Mrs. Brunot crossed in the Scotia, landing at Queenstown, July 7, 1865. Mrs. Brunot wrote most of the letters home, while Mr. Brunot studied the maps and planned for the following day. The Irish letters abound in laments over the wretched condition of the peasantry. Mrs. Brunot gives an interesting illustration of this in her description of a drive at Killarney. "We mounted on our jaunting-car," she writes, "and started on our excursion. It was such a very novel position, but I felt at home at once and was delighted. As soon as we got out of the village a little, our driver began to sing at the top of his voice, 'Kate Kearney,' 'Groves of Blarney,' etc., for miles, stopping to point out objects, beating his horse, and going

on, all in one breath. We met many poor with donkeys; then came on a terrible rain, and it poured down on us, but in it all men, women, and children came out running and caught upon the car, offering a flower, or a knitted collar for sale, and dozens came begging and would persist for miles. At last we had seven men riding before and behind us, each crying, 'Your hanour, sir, I have a fine pony for your hanour to ride, or the lady to ride over the mountain.' They spattered me over with mud, and it was to no purpose that the driver cracked his whip over them. So we all galloped on in the drenching rain to a little stone hut, where a peat fire had been kindled. In half an hour we started again, and every little bit of the way beggars started out, many to send off a cannon to make an echo, and others to make echoes with the voice, and so we reached the lake after crossing the mountain and entering the valley. . . . One fine large boat had the English flag floating at the end, and I said playfully, 'Oh, no; I cannot sail under that flag!' The two oarsmen, thinking me in earnest, said, 'Well, ma'am, we don't like it ourselves. But we can't help it!' It was a charming ride of twelve miles through lakes and rivers, and under the oldest stone arch in Ireland built by the Danes. Many islands we passed and ruins of castles and monasteries, and each boatman sang us a song and told of his wrongs. They said there was little or no work to be

done, and the chickens or pigs they could raise had to be sold for necessities."

After a quiet Sunday in Killarney they moved on to Dublin, which was all agog with its great Fair. They looked in upon the Fair, but the tombs of Dean Swift and his friend Stella in St. Patrick's interested them vastly more. From Dublin they went to Belfast, and thence over a troublesome sea to Glasgow. Two or three beautiful days among the highland lakes brought them at length to Edinburgh. Edinburgh impressed them, as it impresses all travellers, as the most beautiful of cities. "In front of our hotel," Mrs. Brunot writes, "is the old Castle, and all around us, as far as we can see, are fine old towers." They took deep delight in Holyrood with its memories of Queen Mary, and in the house of John Knox. Then came Abbotsford and the ruins about it, and an added admiration for Sir Walter. On the way to York they stopped an hour at Newcastle. "We rode at once to St. Nicholas's Church," Mrs. Brunot writes, "and found it open. Independent of its associations with father it is full of interest, but I looked at the seats appointed for the boys of the school with pure love." At York they were lost in admiration as they gazed upon the old minster. And then came two weeks in London, which, with its smoky brick, reminded them of Pittsburgh. They saw the usual sights and gazed besides upon the tomb of Benjamin West in St.

Paul's, "who, you know, ran off with Aunt Polly's cousin, and was soon after made painter to the English Court." They were constantly meeting people who had strange notions about the late war. An old English clergyman said to Mrs. Brunot one day, "You have been having a great war in your country?" "Yes," answered Mrs. Brunot, "but it's happily over." "Ahem!" replied the clergyman, "I suppose you are in mob law, now; having the niggers, what are you going to do with them?" "Teach them," was the concise answer. "Why, *would* you teach them?" "Yes," answered Mrs. Brunot, "I taught our two coachmen." And then the clergyman looked at her earnestly and wonderingly, and remarked that Bishop McIlvaine was so peculiar that he wouldn't shake hands with any one who was not a friend of the North. Speaking of a gentleman who had been introduced to her, she says: "He was very polite, but I saw that he was strong against us in the North, and I talked with him to the best of my ability. Many here think we hate the slaves, and will not believe to the contrary."

On the other hand, many gentlemen took the opportunity to express their sympathy with the North. At the last promenade of the season at the Botanical Garden in Regent's Park, a nobleman came up to Mr. Brunot, and, introducing himself, asked if he were not an American, and then for half an hour talked most warmly of the

condition of the country, and his joy over the righteous ending of the war. So, again, at the Crystal Palace, a dignitary of the Church introduced himself and congratulated him on the triumph of right principles in the nation. At Madam Tussaud's a gentleman came up and asked if he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. Adams, the American Minister, and a moment after another came up with the same remark, adding that he thought he had seen him at Lord ——'s funeral. Mr. Brunot set these men straight about his identity, and told them of America. "Everybody seemed to know us as strangers," Mr. Brunot had written in Ireland, "first looking earnestly at our faces, then immediately at our feet, and many turning to gaze at us as we passed. We soon discovered that by square-toed boots they knew us to be Americans, and I feel peculiar satisfaction ever since in the fact that my toes are very square." How interesting and naïve that explanation is! Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Brunot knew what a strikingly noble appearance they made upon any street, and deemed the attraction altogether in Mr. Brunot's boots! Let that be as it may, the square toes, or what not else, gave them the unbidden opportunity to speak in Great Britain many an honest and convincing word for their country.

Another famous experience, which every traveller knows who is separated by an ocean from

home, is the receipt of the first home letter. Writing to her favourite niece, Mrs. Brunot says: " I cannot describe the pleasure your uncle and I felt this evening when we came in at six to dine, and found your letter—the first word from home. It has been twenty days in reaching us. . . . I feel more anxious about mother's health, as she has long been ill. . . . I long to see her very much, and hope she and all we love may be spared to meet us if we get home safely. We shall arrive the day before Convention, and I have a great desire for you and mother to meet us in Philadelphia."

The next letter is from Paris and to her mother, urging her to go to Cresson for the vigour the mountains will give her, and urging her also to come to Philadelphia to meet them on their return and to stay with them through the General Convention. The letter also gives an interesting account of the Channel: " With Mr. Lanier we boarded a small steamer at Folkestone. I went down into the cabin for a moment, and there found every sofa filled with a woman lying on it and ready for the worst. So I went on deck and braced myself up between Mr. Brunot and Mr. Lanier. Soon a dash of water came upon us, and a man brought oil cloth to cover our knees. I was determined to hold my own, and though we rolled wonderfully, I shut my eyes and clinched my teeth. But soon I had to get down on the bench and call for help!" The letter

also records two happy events: Mr. Brunot's entire recovery from his cough, and the first delighted visits to the Louvre.

The next letter is in Mr. Brunot's hand, and announces a serious mishap. "As I have not written a line to any one at home," he begins, "it seems quite odd to find myself now beginning a letter. I do so because, on account of our accident this morning, in which she has been wonderfully preserved, Mary does not feel quite able to finish the letter she had yesterday begun. We started out at half-past eight this morning, so as to see the parade of guard mounting at the Tuileries, intending to take breakfast afterward. Just before we reached the Rue Rivoli, the horse of our carriage started to run, and at the corner of the street met with a cart coming in the opposite direction. Mary was sitting on the side next to it, and, seeing she would be inevitably pierced by the heavy shaft, I drew her instantly away from it, so that, by a merciful Providence guarding and protecting us, she escaped death. The point of the shaft struck just above the hip, breaking the surface somewhat and making a painful bruise, but without any serious internal injury so far as we know at present. The collision of the carriage was so violent that the cart horse was knocked down and fell beneath as the shaft passed into our carriage. The carriage in which we rode was an open 'voiture' or barouche. I carried Mary in my arms to the nearest drug

shop, and the doctor came in a few moments and said no bones were broken, so we came at once to the hotel, and she is now in bed. We know not how to express our gratitude to God for so kind a preservation of us, for Mary's escape seems miraculous to us. At the moment, as I held her in my arms, I thought she had been pierced through by the heavy shaft. You see, dear ——, we are always safe in His hands whatever danger may beset us and however far from home. It is a happiness also to remember, as we do, that the same protecting Hand guards and keeps the dear ones we have left so far behind us, and we have confidence that He will suffer us all to meet once more in safety and health."

In a note which Mrs. Brunot was able to add to this letter, in order to prove to the anxious people at home that her accident was not serious, she says: "I thought the great shaft had really pierced me. Our courier was on the box with the driver, and one shaft of the big dray went into the box under him; the other came to me. I saw nothing but the prostrate dray-horse, and knew not that Mr. Brunot had dragged me out of my seat to him. Had he not done so I should have been killed. Praise, gratitude, and love have filled my heart ever since to our kind and tender Father in Heaven."

In a few days Mrs. Brunot was able to drive again, and her mind was occupied with getting

a bonnet of the new style which Mr. Brunot insisted upon her having. It is interesting and characteristic that each insisted that the other should have something new and fine to wear, but thought it useless extravagance to get the luxury for the self. In London Mrs. Brunot announced in one of her letters that she had accomplished her triumph, and had sent Mr. Brunot off to be measured for an elegant dressing-gown which she had ordered for him. And now she writes to her niece: "Your uncle insists on my getting a bonnet. I do not like to do it, for they are so very small and so very expensive." Then she goes on to tell her niece all the details of this elaborate and silly and expensive bonnet. While the bonnet question was pending, Mr. Brunot brought home a beautiful emerald ring, bought near the spot where the accident occurred, and marked within with the date. This letter also tells the joy she feels because her mother has really gone to Cresson and is getting strength there.

The next letter is from Geneva, with a postscript written at Chamounix. "I can scarcely believe," she says, in this postscript, "that we are just at the foot of Mt. Blanc; but so it is, and its snowclad top and glacier sides are in full view from our windows. Yesterday I rode out to Voltaire's place with Mr. Brunot. A number of pictures of himself were in the rooms, and in an urn in the front room was his heart with this

Mrs. Brunot at the Age of Seventy-one



inscription: 'My spirit is everywhere, my heart is here.' Poor vain man! This morning at eight we mounted by a ladder to our seats in the diligence and had a most novel ride. The views of the country we came through were charming, and as we came within twelve miles of Mt. Blanc it was deeply interesting. We dined at two at a wonderful place among the Alps, and came after that in an open carriage (ourselves and courier). Our courier is a grand help." The next day she tells of a climb up the mountain, and a rain coming, so that the mules literally skated down the steep and slippery path. Then come postscripts from Martigny and Interlaken, where for the first time Mrs. Brunot encountered the queer little beds each with a feather-bed on top for bed-clothes. At Interlaken they passed Sunday, and, of course, went to the English church, where they were much edified by a sermon by Dr. Forbes, of Paris. "As we came out of church we found ourselves close to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He had, like the rest of us, been seated in a pew. He is at the head of this movement supplying evangelical services to the children of England whose lot is cast in foreign parts. I was extremely gratified to see him. He is about sixty, with a very lovely and benign face. We had a long walk near him, and again going and coming to church at six." The last postscript is from Lucerne, full of glowing descriptions of the lakes and mountains, and

adding: "Just think, in Geneva, more than a week ago I altered one of the sleeves of my travelling dress, making it tight from the elbow, and never since have had half an hour to alter the other, but wear one loose and one tight!" She also describes their ascent of the Rigi. "When half-way up," she says, "it began raining, and soon it fell in torrents. We were mounting a steep, slippery road, and the rain came through my umbrella, but I could not help laughing, for Mr. Brunot came close behind, with his big cloak covering all the horse's back to the tail, and our good fat courier behind him on his horse. They looked exactly like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. At any difficult pass Citaldi comes also to my side and in French admonishes my guide to be very careful." They spent the night at the summit, but, alas! they could not see the sun rise, for thick clouds shut them in completely. And, to her disgust, Mrs. Brunot was carried in a chair down the mountain by two strong men. She could not bear, she said, to see men do the work of beasts.

Then they went to Zurich and saw the old cathedral where Zwingli preached. And on Sunday they were at Basle, and again they were enjoying the English service. "We had a good old minister, and the Holy Communion." Thence they went to St. Chrisona to see a wonderful missionary school, and on to Strasburg to see the Cathedral and the ammunition the French

were storing there against their day of adversity. On the way to Baden-Baden they met again the Archbishop of Canterbury. "By the way," she adds, "I went into a book-shop in Zurich the other day and said, 'Parlez vous français, monsieur?' 'Oui, madame.' Then I said (in English), 'I want a religious book in French.' The clerk stared, and only Mr. Brunot's laugh brought me to see what I had done." Once more she begs that her mother will meet them at the Continental in Philadelphia, where they hope to be in a month's time.

On they went to Heidelberg, when again to their amazement they met the Archbishop of Canterbury. This time he and Mr. Brunot exchanged greetings. Then they took the Rhine boat and were disappointed, thinking of the more beautiful Hudson and of the more beautiful Irish and English castles. On the boat they made the acquaintance of an old Englishman and his wife, who straightway proceeded to ask Mr. Brunot if he were not Abraham Lincoln's brother. "This," wrote Mrs. Brunot, "was the oddest of all."

At Cologne they received news of the death of their dear friend and bishop. "I took a good cry," she writes, "over the account of Bishop Potter's death. I have such a pleasant remembrance of his last look and smile in Philadelphia; at St. Luke's Church he met me at the door and asked me to go home and dine with him. I

declined, and in parting he gave me such a kind and pleasant good-by."

"At eleven this morning," she adds, in this letter to her mother, "Mr. Brunot went to Essen, and will not return till late, so I have had a long day alone in my room—a beautiful room with four windows, and as I look out I see three immense churches, one of them the famous cathedral. I could scarce stay so near it all day without going out to see it, but Mr. Brunot does not like me to go out alone, even with the courier. I think I am such a very plain, unnoticeable, middle-aged woman I could go any place and no one would turn round to see me; and I would like to go, but, as you say, husbands should rule."

On Sunday they went, as usual, twice to the English chapel, and who should come up to them after the second service but Archbishop Longley. He was by this time quite as much interested in the two Americans as they in him, and he asked if he was mistaken in thinking Mr. Brunot an American clergyman. After a cordial conversation he shook hands with them both, and said reverently, "God go with you," as they parted. "I had far more desire to see him," said Mrs. Brunot, "than the Queen."

After Cologne came Amsterdam with its strange bonnets and curls, and then Antwerp with its cathedral and Rubens. And in this long letter, which Mrs. Brunot then sent to her mother,

she says: "This is the last letter, I hope, till we meet you and Mary in Philadelphia. . . . You will be sure to meet us."

The 23d of September they sailed from Liverpool for New York. Before and during the voyage Mrs. Brunot was much depressed, because her brother James had been lost at sea in a similar return from Europe, and she felt, in consequence, more than most people the dangers of the sea. As they drew near to New York Mr. Brunot's spirits rose, and he was enthusiastic over the thought that in a few hours he would again be in his own dear country. But after the pilot-boat had brought certain messages on board he was suddenly very serious, and when they landed in New York he said they would go at once to Pittsburgh. "But," said Mrs. Brunot, "are we not going to the General Convention?" "Not yet," he answered; "trust me, Molly, for this time." So they went home, and when they reached their room, he took her hand, and he asked her to kneel down with him, and he put his arm around her and said, "Molly, your mother is dead."

CHAPTER VII

THE PERIOD OF RECONSTRUCTION

AFTER the funeral Mr. Brunot went to the General Convention at Philadelphia, and was there in time to hear the debate on the famous resolution of Mr. Horace Binney of Pennsylvania. The House of Bishops had proposed a thanksgiving for peace in the country and union in the Church, and Mr. Binney moved that in accepting the invitation it be suggested to the bishops that thanks be offered for the reëstablishment of national authority over the whole country, and for the removal of the great occasion of national dissension; that is, slavery. To the dismay of many, this resolution was tabled. The reason for it, however, was not lack of patriotism, but the fear of hurting the feelings of Southern Churchmen. On the other hand, those who wished a solid thanksgiving for the real benefits which the war had accomplished, had no bitterness toward the Southern brethren, for the two Southern bishops present received the joyful greetings of all. Mr. Quintard, elected by Tennessee, was at once approved by the Convention and made a bishop, and Bishop Wilmer,

elected and consecrated Bishop of Alabama without Northern consent, was immediately accepted. A formal protest was therefore framed by Dr. Francis Vinton, Dr. Goodwin, Mr. Amos A. Lawrence, Mr. R. H. Ives, Mr. Brunot, and others, on the ground that having prayed for these mercies at the Convention in 1862, and having received them through God's goodness, they were bound to return thanks; that to refuse to do so would put the Church in a false position touching loyalty; that they believed the Southern Churchmen were willing to join with them; and that it was a false delicacy that would not allow a thanksgiving for what was the harbinger of a boundless prosperity to the South. In other words, Mr. Brunot felt, as his colleagues doubtless felt, that the country was still in a precarious condition, and that it was not enough to have a great body like the Episcopal Church express its satisfaction with peace in general; it must be peace on righteous and abiding principles. There was no shade of bitterness in the Convention; with all the love in the world, then, they might proclaim a genuine thanksgiving, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of weaker spirits who needed leadership in the true gratitude.

Afterward, a delegate, conspicuously on the other side, wrote an open letter, saying that the effort to bring politics into the Convention was sinful. Two strong letters from Mr. Brunot appeared in *The Philadelphia Press* in reply, in

which he shows how impossible it is to draw the line just where a thanksgiving for public benefits becomes "political"; he goes on to show, in a masterful way, how the Prayer Book, the Articles, the Homilies, and the Conventions of 1785 and 1789 all bring the Church into the most intimate sympathy with the nation. He would have the modern Church cling to that high ideal of the fathers.

Looking back upon the scene from this calm distance, one may be glad that both sides had an opportunity for such vigorous expression. The ecclesiastically cautious doubtless made it somewhat easier for the Southern Churchmen to return to the fold, and the Nationalists stood for an ideal which both North and South could but admire, and try to follow; the nation and human freedom became holier because of their fiery enthusiasm.

In this period of reconstruction Mr. Brunot was alert to the needs of the nation, and the following letter to the Hon. E. M. Stanton shows the spirit of his endeavour: "I know that you have only been prevented from leaving the War Department long ago by providential circumstances which clearly made it a duty to remain at any sacrifice of personal inclination, and that the best friends of our country have urged you to keep to your post. I am sure that your friends in this region at least have felt secure against the threatened dangers of the past while you re-

mained, and I would most deeply regret the contingency which would deprive the country of your services in the position which you have filled more faithfully and ably than any other living man could have done it. It is with these convictions that I venture to write to you in view of the possibility of your resignation after the presentation of your annual report. . . . If you mean to resign the War Department, will you give some intimation to that effect, and permit your friends to bring forward your name for the Senate? I think you would certainly be elected. Western Pennsylvania will claim the right of furnishing in you the Senator. I am aware that any thought of public life must be exceedingly distasteful to you, and that a seat in the Senate would be to you no object of ambition. On the contrary, it would be on your part a further sacrifice to the country to which you have already sacrificed so much and which you have served so well. And it is my faith in your devoted patriotism which leads me to hope that, if you do not continue to serve in your present post, you will allow this effort to be made to retain your services in another."

Such interest in the political life of the nation makes one wonder that he himself did not enter public life. His name was proposed again and again, but he peremptorily declined to allow it to be used for any office whatever. Once, in 1862, when he was in New York at the General

Convention, friends sent him papers which in most complimentary terms announced him as a candidate for Congress; and asked him if this could be with his knowledge, since they knew how well satisfied he was with General Moorhead, the regular candidate. His answer went to every paper in Pittsburgh without delay. "I have," he wrote, "this moment received information that my name is on a ticket for Congress. I have not been consulted, and know nothing about it. I do not want any office and protest against the use of my name. Indignant at the outrage perpetrated in thus taking advantage of my absence, I hasten to denounce it." At another time in his district there was a prolonged struggle over the nomination of a candidate for Congress. After many vain ballots a representative committee waited upon Mr. Brunot and offered him the unanimous nomination, which in this strong Republican district was equivalent to an election. But he positively refused to have anything to do with it. And so, too, later, when he was chairman of the Board of Indian Commissioners, he refused the portfolio of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, which President Grant offered him. We cannot help regretting that a man of such convictions had not entered politics, but it was doubtless a sagacious decision which kept him in private life, for he was already doing a larger work, without a commission, for the causes of philanthropy,

patriotism, and religion, than that for which any technical office could give him opportunity. At any rate his sharp decisions tell his own conviction, and as we look at his useful life we must believe that he formed them correctly.

CHAPTER VIII

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH

MR. BRUNOT'S parish through most of his life was St. Andrew's, but he was always interested in St. James's, which had been founded in 1851 in the heart of the iron city; and during the ten years of the sixties, when his friend, the Rev. George Slattery, was rector, St. James's was his parish church. The work Mr. Brunot did there is so characteristic that it will serve as a type of his parochial loyalty all through life.

There were few families of wealth in the parish, most of the congregation being made up of the well-to-do working people who lived about the church. Mr. and Mrs. Brunot were not only regularly in their places at every service, but they were at the two sessions of the Sunday-school each Sunday, so planned that every child in the neighbourhood might be reached. Of the Sunday-school Mr. Brunot was the superintendent, and Mrs. Brunot taught the large infant school. There was, moreover, so little time between the morning service and the afternoon session, that both the rector's family and Mr. and Mrs. Brunot brought their luncheons and ate them in one of the school-rooms.

Happy Sundays they were for all associated with them. What vital interest Mr. Brunot took in his work as superintendent is apparent after all these years, for among his papers was found a large bundle of notes dealing with the work at St. James's. A package of small cards, scarcely larger than a visiting card, tells the story of the Sundays. At the top of the card was pasted the collect for the day, and beneath it the hymns and collects selected for the service, by number and name, and after that the headings of the talk addressed to the children, with titles of illustrations. These talks were on right living, the Christian year, and missions. Then, at the bottom, were the notices to be given. The whole is a marvel of system and condensation.

The Christmas and Easter festivals were famous at St. James's, and for these Mr. Brunot frequently wrote carols and always gave one of the addresses, notes of which still remain. But the distinguishing mark of the St. James's of the sixties was its enthusiasm for missions, due to the zeal and fire of the rector and Mr. Brunot in this direction. For instance, there lies before me a subscription list for Western missions, amounting to \$554, including individual subscriptions from poor people of such irregular sums as \$33, \$36, \$21, \$26, and \$31, showing that there was a rare conscientiousness in the gifts. And in the Sunday-school, made up

almost entirely of poor children, there was this same enthusiasm. Mrs. Brunot had been moved by an article in *The Spirit of Missions*, by Bishop Payne of Africa, wherein he described the Great Cape Mount as a desirable and healthful site for a mission, and he begged for money to build a church. Mrs. Brunot translated the letter into the simplest language, and told it to her small pupils, and then she said, "What shall we do with our pennies this month?" and many voices answered in full chorus, "Build a church on the hill!" The enthusiasm for "the church on the hill" spread through the Sunday-school. And when at Easter the classes brought their offerings to the rector, each announced that the money was for the church on the hill. After the classes came a little girl who timidly put something into the rector's hand. In a moment he announced that she had been very ill, and had brought all the money she had to "thank God for making her well," and to help build the church on the hill. It was eighty cents. Most interesting of all was the gift of a small boy. The Monday before Easter his parents moved from Pittsburgh; so, the night before, he came to church with his mother, and as Mr. Brunot was going to the door the boy held out his hand with some money. He said he was going away, and he wanted to give all he had for the church on the hill before he went. With tears in his eyes Mr.

Brunot took the offering, and held it tight in his hand till he reached home. Then he spread it out: four large coppers, two small ones, three three-cent pieces, and three half-dimes—in all thirty cents. He felt sure that the church at Great Cape Mount was going to be built. The Easter offering from the children at St. James's amounted to forty dollars. The three following years the offering was given for the same purpose, and other Sunday-schools joined in the enterprise. In 1898 it was announced in New York that enough money was in hand to build the long-needed church, and the work begun by St. James's Sunday-school in faith was accomplished.

Though Mr. Brunot did not always maintain this close relation to St. James's as in the sixties, he never ceased to be interested in it. For many years he was on the vestry, and gave most generous gifts to it: he had much to do in building the beautiful church and parish house, and later he gave a rectory. In his will he bequeathed ten thousand dollars, with the condition that the church should never be moved from its present location.

The other parishes with which he was connected—St. Andrew's, Pittsburgh; Christ Church, Allegheny; and St. Thomas's, Verona—all know his bounty and his loyal service, but none, perhaps, had his love and his devotion as St. James's.

CHAPTER IX

THE WORLD AS A PARISH

THE reader must already have surmised that Mr. Brunot's real parish was nothing less than the world. The decade which we are now studying will, perhaps, be a good time to look into this matter more closely and to see what his relationship was to the Church at large.

Mr. Brunot was, both by inheritance and by an increasing devotion, an Episcopalian. The government of the Church, the consistent history behind it, and, above all, the noble Book of Common Prayer, appealed to his reason, to his reverence, and to his sense of the beautiful. But he was impatient of exclusive claims, and he was quick to take his stand with any Christian man who tried to serve his Master, to whatever body of Christians he was attached. It was for this reason that in an age of parties he was known as an Evangelical Churchman.

I

In the great undivided diocese of Pennsylvania he was recognised as the representative layman

of the western section, being sent to the General Convention from 1859 to 1865, when but four laymen could be chosen for the whole State. His house was the home of Bishop Potter, Bishop Bowman, and Bishop Stevens whenever they visited the western district. When Bishop Bowman dropped dead in a country road near Pittsburgh, Mr. Brunot took the body home. When Dr. Stevens was proposed as Bishop Bowman's successor and was criticised as disloyal, Mr. Brunot went at once to Bishop Potter and asked him if he were not completely satisfied with Dr. Stevens, and when the Bishop said that he was, Mr. Brunot made a firm stand for Dr. Stevens and became the centre of his election. The next great question was the division of the diocese. Mr. Brunot, from long association with his Philadelphia friends, dreaded the day when Pittsburgh must be set off into a new jurisdiction, but recognised that the change must ultimately come. Bishop Potter gave his consent on condition that there should be in the western district fifteen self-supporting parishes. Those anxious for a division maintained that they had them, but Mr. Brunot calmly pointed out that two parishes, which paid their ministers respectively two hundred and fifty and three hundred dollars, could scarcely be called self-supporting; neither could another whose minister's salary was paid by a rich woman outside the parish. Yet the special pleaders had included these in

the fifteen. The Rev. John Henry Hopkins, though not of the diocese of Pennsylvania, was much interested in the multiplication of bishoprics, and ran on to see his friend, the Rev. Mr. Swope. One day at table Mr. Swope and Mr. Hopkins were discussing the possible success of their cherished scheme, and said vigorous things about the stumbling-block which Mr. Brunot had put in their way. Whereupon the maid-servant, supposing high treason was in the air, ran out of the dining-room, through the kitchen, across the alley to the kitchen of Mr. Brunot's mother. There at once the maids learned the dreadful news, and since it was Mr. Brunot's habit always to dine at home with his mother, he had become the conquering hero to all the servants, and a fancied insult to him was a personal matter to them. Hitherto their loyalty had been confined to the kitchen, but to-day the provocation was too great, so the waiting-maid rushed into the dining-room, breathless and red, crying, "Oh, sir, they're talking awful about you in at Mr. Swope's!" In due time (1865), however, the division came, and though Dr. F. D. Huntington was the choice of Mr. Brunot and his friends, Dr. Kerfoot, who was elected bishop, immediately won the attachment of Mr. Brunot, as he won all others who learned to know him.

II

So much for Mr. Brunot's relation to the diocese. Now I must speak of the Church in the nation. Of his connection with the General Convention enough has been said. He early became interested in the education of young men for the ministry, especially what he deemed the right sort of men with full literary and spiritual qualifications. It was, therefore, natural that he should become a member of the Evangelical Education Society, of which for many years he was president. This society had been criticised as narrow in that it demanded of its students a statement of their assent to the distinctive principles of the society, which, of course, were evangelical. Among Mr. Brunot's papers was found a mass of correspondence bearing upon the subject, showing his conscientious effort to meet this criticism. It was finally pointed out that the secretary had the responsibility of deciding whether a man was properly qualified, and that no beneficiary was expected to bind himself for life to these distinctive principles, but only to say that he was in sympathy with them at the time. On the other hand, they did not feel the necessity of giving aid to all who might rightly have a place in the Church, because the Society for the Increase of the Ministry was a general society; further, they did not believe that they had the right to do so, since the funds were

given by those who had wished them to be used for a ministry which should put the chief emphasis on personal and immediate relationship between the soul and its Lord, the essence of the evangelical attitude. Mr. Brunot, with Dr. Goodwin and Bishop Alfred Lee, held that this course was the only honest one, under the circumstances.

Mr. Brunot was afterwards elected a trustee of the Philadelphia Divinity School, and gladly served. Besides large gifts of both time and money, he further showed his interest in theological education, in 1886, by offering anonymously two prizes, amounting to three hundred and fifty dollars, for essays setting forth the value and importance of beneficiary aid societies for students preparing for the ministry of the Church, showing the laity's duty to sustain them, and answering the ordinary objections. Of the judges, two were appointed by the Society for the Increase of the Ministry, two by the Evangelical Society, and one by the donor. Two very satisfactory articles appeared in *The Church Review* in the following December and January as a result.

Mr. Brunot was an Evangelical Churchman, but stood among the laity for that gracious type for which Dr. Dyer has stood all these years among the clergy. He had no sympathy with the extreme wing who wished to go out of the Church and live by themselves. The discon-

tented called a meeting of Evangelical Churchmen in 1869 at Chicago, and Mr. Brunot reluctantly went. The meeting was called to order Wednesday morning, June 16th, by Andrew Tyng, Esq., of Peoria. When, shortly after, the nominating committee was appointed, Mr. Brunot's name was reported to the Conference as president. This was as distasteful to him as it was unexpected, but, being present, he could not well refuse. Taking the chair, he confessed his embarrassment at once, and then he skilfully told what he dreaded. He had seen many reports, he said, which prophesied that this was to be a meeting to inaugurate a division in the Episcopal Church. The report had roused his indignation. If this meeting were for such a purpose he could have nothing to do with it. If, on the other hand, it was, as he hoped, to sound a deeper loyalty for the old Church and for the Saviour, then he could give it his allegiance. He had, indeed, been shocked by the tendency of a party in the Church to pervert certain great doctrines and to magnify frivolous details, so that as madmen they seemed to be pushing the Church to the edge of the precipice. But the Church must be saved from such errors, not deserted. He therefore urged calm deliberation in every word, with prayer for God's direction, and with the greatest caution lest any word be spoken which could in any way be used to the disadvantage of the Church they loved. Doubt-

less this wise counsel at the start restrained the more restless and headstrong, and the Conference confined itself to resolutions.

In 1873, however, a few earnest but misguided men withdrew from the Church, and formed the Reformed Episcopal Church, in the hope that more would follow. The following letter to Bishop Cummins explains itself:

“PITTSBURGH, November 25, 1873.

“*My dear Bishop Cummins :*

“I have just received your letter of the 23d inst., with printed circular of the 15th, and the letter of my friend, Mr. B. Aycrigg, in which after indicating the encouraging prospects of your new Church, I am invited to ‘sign my name to the circular,’ or ‘if still in doubt, come on December 2d and judge for myself.’

“It was my intention to write you on the same subject, but as I could not feel the least sympathy with the movement, and knowing that you would have enough in the way of discouragement and words of disapprobation, I have been slow to add to them.

“Now that the direct appeal of your note and Mr. Aycrigg’s letter seems to require answer, I can only express my sorrow on account of the course which you have felt impelled to take, and which does not commend itself to my conscience or to my judgment. I still find that in our Protestant Episcopal Church I am as free to hold what I believe to be the truth of the Gospel, to worship in accord therewith, to protest against error, and to work and pray for its banishment, as I would be outside her organisation.

“I am sure you will not construe my frank expressions as indicating any lessening of my personal regard for yourself or any of the friends who go with you in this move-

ment. On the contrary, I desire most sincerely the continuance of your friendship in the best of bonds.

“Very respectfully and truly yours,

“FELIX R. BRUNOT.”

Mr. Brunot could recognise no right to secede in either State or Church.

III

Mr. Brunot was of those who believe that the Church is intended to be co-extensive with the world. One day, in the General Convention of 1859, at Richmond, the delegates were discussing the subject of missions. Some one rose and said that he had been round the world a great deal, and he had seen missionaries to be a poor set. A clergyman, sitting robed in the chancel, stood up quickly and said impressively, “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.” Then Admiral Du Pont, trembling in every fibre of his strong frame, rose and said that he had never spoken in public before, but he must speak now. He, in his vocation, had been over the waters of the world, and he had seen missionaries everywhere, and they were the truest men that lived. Mr. Brunot, sitting right behind him, loved him for that speech, and on the spot a friendship was begun that lasted till the admiral’s death.

The next year Mr. Brunot, Admiral Du Pont, and others of like mind founded the American

Church Missionary Society, after the pattern of the Church Missionary Society in England. The reason for doing so was that they believed the tendency in the Church at that time was to put men in charge of missionary work who ignored the labours of other Christian people, preferring to plant missions where Christianity under some other form had the start, rather than to go into fields quite unoccupied and in total darkness. They also feared that an institution was being preached rather than Christ. For these reasons, then, the Church Missionary Society was founded, and Admiral Du Pont became its first president. Mr. Brunot took great interest in its deliberations, being a member of the Executive Committee and a district secretary. When later it was found that the General Society was not so narrow as had first been feared, the American Church Missionary Society became auxiliary to the Board of Missions, and confined its work to certain districts. Mr. Brunot's gifts flowed through both organisations lavishly. Besides constant gifts through the year, each Easter from four to twelve thousand dollars were sent as a "thank offering." The variety of his interests is shown by the receipt from the secretary for December 1, 1890, wherein Africa, China, Japan, Brazil, Mexico, Cuba, Haiti, the coloured people, domestic missions, and the Indians are all generously remembered. When the secretary wrote about these fields, he added: "Our young men in Brazil,

Morris and Kinsolving, are noble fellows—none better were ever sent out—and Providence seems to have led them there just at the critical turn in affairs.” And I find at the bottom of the letter in Mr. Brunot’s hand: “Sent for Brazil five hundred dollars additional.—F. R. B.”

“The Church throughout the world” was his ideal, and he and Mrs. Brunot did all in their power, by prayers, by works, and by gifts, to make it possible. Everything connected with missions was dear to them. When Dr. Langford, the Secretary of the General Board, died, and it was proposed by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt that a fund be raised for his family as a memorial, Mr. and Mrs. Brunot were the first to respond. When Bishop Whipple announced that he wished to build a cathedral, Mr. Brunot at once wrote saying that he would give all the iron needed in its construction. Again, when the same bishop was in need of money for his Indians, Mr. Brunot helped him in a unique way. “Dr. Shattuck,” Bishop Whipple writes, “had given me some lands in Illinois to use for our schools. Mr. Brunot wished eighty acres of this land adjoining his own, so he said: ‘I wish to buy this land. It belongs, you tell me, to God, given for His work. I will give you six months or a year to offer it in the market, and I will give you ten dollars an acre more than you are offered for it, the eight hundred dollars to be used for the poor Indians.’ That money came in

a dark day, and was a blessed help for these brown children of our Father." Many a bishop and many a worker have given like testimony; letters from Bishop Vail especially show how deeply interested he was in Kansas. Of all the calls that came to him none was ignored, and he sent help if he deemed it wise and if he was able to do so. Many a man, doing an unappreciated or misunderstood work, found in Mr. Brunot one who believed in him, trusted him, and helped him royally. So the waste places, through his love of the Master, were made to blossom as the rose, and men learned what it was to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Should you ask the impelling motive for all this devotion, the story is told in his own simple words, written long ago on a scrap of faded paper which was recently found in one of his desks :

"The grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ."

I. Cor. i. 4.

O Grace of God ! divine, yet mine ;
 Unbought, yet paid for ; bought, yet free ;
 Crown of the beggar's hope ! the line
 Of kings is hopeless, lacking thee.

O Grace of God ! that cost me naught,
 Yet cost a Life not worlds could buy ;
 All mine, though measureless to thought—
 All mine, though boundless as the sky.

A prince am I,—He only higher,
 Whose gift has made me what I am ;

A worm am I,—that from the mire
Looks humbly upward to the Lamb.

Breath of my soul ! more needful thou
Than breath of life, to them who know
Thy peaceful joys, and humbly bow
Beneath the Cross from which they flow.

Make me thus ever, Lord, to live,
A conscious debtor to Thy Grace ;
Nor only vow, but daily give
My life to service, love, and praise.

Book III

FRIENDSHIP FOR THE INDIAN

“ God divided man into men that they might help each other.”

CHAPTER I

THE BOARD OF INDIAN COMMISSIONERS

WHEN Ulysses Grant was graduated from West Point, he was sent to a distant military post in Oregon. What shocked him most on that rough frontier was the utterly corrupt system by which the nation was dealing with the Indians. He saw at once just cause for the Indian wars, and he wondered that a nation could be so blind as to allow such a vicious cause to exist; inasmuch as one hundred million dollars, whole tribes of Indians, and thousands of soldiers and settlers had been sacrificed to maintain the villany which he saw among agents and soldiers. This experience was never forgotten by the young lieutenant, and when he became President of the nation, he resolved that one of his first deeds should be a brave attack upon this outrageous Indian policy.

Hitherto Western politicians had selected the Indian agents; with one stroke of his pen President Grant withdrew these appointments and put army officers in charge. This innovation, though daring, was not entirely successful, for to some officers the work was distasteful, others en-

joyed the plunder, others still became bad examples. But it was a beginning, and showed the President's zeal.

The next step in General Grant's reform was to appoint (April 15, 1869), with the authority of Congress,* a Board of Indian Commissioners. "This board was to consist of gentlemen well known for philanthropy, who should serve without compensation, and who, under the direction of the President, should exercise a joint supervision with the Secretary of the Interior over ap-

* Act of Congress creating the Board of Indian Commissioners, approved by the President April 10, 1869.

"Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, that there be appropriated the further sum of two millions of dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to enable the President to maintain the peace among and with the various tribes, bands, and parties of Indians, and to promote civilisation among said Indians, bring them, where practicable, upon reservations, relieve their necessities, and encourage their efforts at self-support ; a report of all expenditures under this appropriation to be made in detail to Congress in December next. And for the purpose of enabling the President to execute the powers conferred by this act, he is hereby authorised, at his discretion, to organise a board of commissioners, to consist of not more than ten persons, to be selected by him from men eminent for their intelligence and philanthropy, to serve without pecuniary compensation, who may under his direction exercise joint control with the Secretary of the Interior over the disbursement of the appropriations made by this act, or any part thereof, that the President may designate ; and to pay the necessary expenses of transportation, subsistence, and clerk-hire of said commissioners while actually engaged in said service, there is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary."

propriations made for the Indian service." The President at once appointed Felix R. Brunot, William Welsh, George H. Stuart, William E. Dodge, Nathan Bishop, Robert Campbell, John V. Farwell, E. S. Tobey, and Henry S. Lane. It was in every way a representative body of men, being carefully chosen from different Christian communions and from different political parties. Mr. Welsh with Mr. Brunot represented the Episcopal Church; they seemed to the President the two leading laymen of the day. "The design of those who suggested the commission," the Secretary of the Interior wrote, "was that something like a Christian Commission should be established, having in view the civilisation of the Indians, and labouring to stimulate public interest in this work while coöperating with the Department."

Mr. Welsh was elected chairman of the Commission, and Mr. Brunot secretary. Almost immediately, however, Mr. Welsh resigned, because he deemed the Commission should have the expenditure of money, and the other commissioners refused to allow this. Mr. Brunot was, therefore, elected president, and Mr. Welsh, though not a member of the Board, continued to have the most active interest in all its work. Mr. Colyer was elected secretary, but was soon succeeded by Mr. Thomas K. Cree, of Pittsburgh, to whose full reports this account is very largely indebted.

Mr. Brunot frankly opposed from the beginning the transfer of the Indians to the War Department, for he believed that a military training did not fit a man to civilise and Christianise the Indian race. He at once appealed for education, and recommended that the lands held in common by the Indians be gradually assigned to them in fee-simple, and that their reservations be gradually opened to settlement as soon as the Indians had full compensation. On this need of full justice none could have been stronger than he. "If national honour," he wrote in his first report, "requires the observance of national obligations entered into with the strong, how much more with the weak. To repudiate, either directly or indirectly, solemn treaty obligations with this feeble people, would be dishonour, meriting the scorn of the civilised world."

It is unnecessary here to recall how shamefully the Indians had been treated both by the Government and by individuals. Mr. Brunot was fond of repeating a story which his friend General Sherman had told him about the Indian agents. Soon after President Lincoln's election, a prominent politician of western Pennsylvania, whom Mr. Brunot knew very well, went to Mr. Lincoln and told him he deserved a large appointment. The man's friends had urged his case, but the large offices had all been given out, and he was told he could be made nothing better than an Indian agent. "And what is the salary, Mr.

Lincoln?" he asked. "Fifteen hundred dollars," was the answer. "Why, Mr. President," he cried, "at fifteen hundred dollars I should be obliged either to starve or to steal!" Mr. Lincoln looked at him quizzically and said, "Well, sir, you don't look like a man who would starve." The man accepted the position, and in three years went home. General Sherman happened to visit the agency just after his departure, and held a council with the chiefs. "You know our agent?" they asked. "Our agent great man. When he come he bring everything in little bag, when he go it take two steamboats to carry away his things." General Sherman investigated the matter, and discovered that in three years the disappointed politician had saved fifty thousand dollars out of an annual salary of fifteen hundred. It needs no very vivid imagination to see what misery such agents—and there were many of them—could bring upon a race and a nation.

It is not astonishing, then, that the first question the Commission had to face was the securing of proper Indian agents. The President recognised his appointment of army officers as only a temporary expedient. The members of the Board, therefore, after consultation with General Grant, divided the seventy Indian agencies among the different religious bodies of the country, giving each a fair proportion. The missionary boards were asked to name the agents, who in turn had the appointing of more than

nine hundred subordinates. "The intention," writes Mr. Cree, "was that all the employés should be Christian men and women, with salaries ranging from six hundred to fifteen hundred dollars. The call was for doctors, teachers, farmers, blacksmiths, millers, and the like. Thus it was expected that nearly a thousand men and women would go among the Indians, and by precept and example Christianise, civilise, and educate them. This was the grand opportunity of the Church." Unhappily, in spite of fine results here and there, the various mission boards missed their opportunity; often irreligious men were sent, and even here politics found an avenue for spoils. But sorrowful as the outcome was, it gave the Indians better agents than they had yet received. The Society of Friends did most; the Episcopal Church and the Presbyterians also entered into the plan with deliberate carefulness. But the rest seemed to take no interest. It is not strange, therefore, that the plan languished after the original board was dissolved.

The Board then found that the American people needed to be educated, for even people nominally Christian insisted that the only good Indian was a dead one. People like Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, had pleaded the cause, but as yet little impression had been made upon the country at large. General Whittlesey was on his way once to the Crow Agency, when he fell into conversation with a Mormon who was driving

the stage. "The last time I drove over this road," the driver said, "I carried Mr. Felix Brunot. He was going up to the Crow Agency, and he thought he was going to civilise the Indians. I told him I knew how to tame Indians, for I hev an old well down on my place in the valley—a pretty deep well. It hain't got no water in it, but if you look down, you'll see seven tamed Indians at the bottom." This stage driver was the average American citizen so far as his views on the Indian question were concerned.

Mr. Brunot saw that the task before him was tremendous. There was a race to civilise, there were agents to humanise, and there was a great nation to educate in the principles of Christian love toward an oppressed and heathen race. It is small wonder that with such a task before him Mr. Brunot should devote five years of his busy life to this intricate problem; for, beside going constantly to New York and Washington for the meetings of the Board, conferring with the missionary societies, going ever and anon to Washington to consult with the President and with the Secretary of the Interior, writing letters and articles to rouse the public conscience, making out the elaborate annual reports—a duty which naturally fell upon him as President of the Board—beside all this, he spent three or four months each summer visiting the Indian tribes on their own ground. Others of the Board gave much time to the work; Mr. Brunot

gave practically all his time for these five years. No business man ever toiled harder for money than this man toiled for a despised race. In the chapters that follow I shall attempt to tell the story of these summers among the Indians, because they throw light upon a great problem and—may I not say it?—upon a great man.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST SUMMER AMONG THE INDIANS (1869)

“WE cannot offer recommendations as the result of theorising, but must reach our conclusions through personal observation and knowledge.” This was the burden of Mr. Brunot’s first report of the Indian Commission, and it was his inspiration as he studied the Indians face to face.

The first Indian journey was planned for the Indian Territory, and the party was made up of Mr. Brunot, Mr. Dodge, and Dr. Bishop, accompanied by Mrs. Brunot and Mrs. Dodge. July 29th they left the railway and started out across the country, accompanied by forty cavalry. In Mr. Brunot’s note-book is the interesting record that all expenses incurred on account of Mrs. Brunot and Mrs. Dodge were paid by their husbands, and were not charged as a part of the expense of the Commission. This scrupulous carefulness was characteristic of Mr. Brunot in all his public service. Mrs. Brunot’s journal suggests the inconvenience of the journey, especially the difficulty of finding wood and water each day on

the desolate prairie, and the ease with which mosquitoes and rattlesnakes presented themselves. Then there are abundant items of quaint interest: how the soldier that killed a buffalo was rewarded with the tongue; how the river rose two feet in the night and went down in the heat of the day; how an attendant came into camp with a horned frog; how Mrs. Dodge lost her pin-cushion and the ladies' carriage was driven back to find it, when Mrs. Dodge, after a mile or so, discovered it in her pocket; how the orderly killed a wolf; how an officer bought a two-hundred-dollar pony from an Indian for a cup of whiskey; how astonished the lieutenant was when Mr. Brunot told him Saturday night that they would stay in camp over Sunday, exclaiming that he was the first man from Washington who had ever regarded Sunday; how grewsome it was to wake up in the morning in some rude cabin and see an Indian gazing in at the window, grim and silent; how Mrs. Brunot and Mrs. Dodge distributed gay calico and flannel among the Indian women; and how their hearts were touched as they saw the hands of a squaw who sacrificed a joint each time death came to her family. Each day Mr. Dodge and Mr. Brunot conducted family prayers in turn, and on Sunday there were regular services, with an address by one of the gentlemen of the party; to these Sunday services all the officers and men came reverently and gladly.

In ten days the party came to their first stopping-place, Camp Supply, where the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were gathered to meet the Commission. Mr. Brunot, Mr. Cree writes, won these wild men at once; his commanding presence, his long white hair, and his dignified manner impressed them, and though they were even then actively hostile against the whites, they were glad to listen to him. They were encamped near by and had agreed to come in for the council Monday, but with characteristic Indian slowness they did not appear till the noon of Tuesday, August 10th.

In opening the council Mr. Brunot said to them, "God who made the plains, the buffalo, the white man, and the Indian, is looking into our hearts. When the white men hold a great council we ask Him to make all our hearts right, and our tongues good, and our words true. We want to ask God to make our hearts right and our speech clear as the sun and straight as an arrow." As soon as this was translated a prayer was offered, and the Indians stood reverently with clasped hands. Then Mr. Brunot began his speech.

"The President at Washington," he said, "has sent us to see you, and to shake hands with you. He knows you are his brothers, and he wants to know if you are well and what you are doing. All the white people are his children, and he wants his red brothers to travel along the

white man's road and be his children also. He has heard that you want the white man's road made straight and easy for you to travel in. He wants to know if you can see the beginning of the road, and if some of the good chiefs have begun to walk in it. He wants to send you more help and more teachers, and he wants you to stay upon your reservation. It is a large country. The buffalo comes through it twice every year. It is enough. He hopes you will be content, for it will not be good for you away from the reservation. It will be war there, but it is peace here. When we go back to the Great Father we want to tell him that you mean to do right, and we will ask him to send you rations and goods, and guides to show you the white man's good road. Open your ears to this. You are now the brothers of the great Washington chief. The white people in Texas and Kansas are his children. His brothers must not steal their cattle and horses. When the wolf prowls about the camp, he must be killed. Let not our brothers, the Kiowas, the Comanches, the Apaches, and the Wichitas be like the wolves. Let them be the white man's brothers. The Great Washington Father has told us to talk straight from the heart, and tell you he wants you to be his children also.

“When there is much wood the camp-fire burns bright and high. When the wood is small, the camp-fire burns low. When it is all





gone, the fire dies out. When the sun shines it is bright and warm. When it goes behind the hills, it does not die; but it comes back again and it is bright and warm every day: it will never die out. The white men are like the sun; the red men are like the camp-fire. The buffalo are getting scarcer every day. If you do not learn to live like the white man, your nation will die out like the camp-fires. If you learn to be like white men, you will always grow bright like the sun. There are some bad white men. You must not be like them. There are good white men, and the Great Father wants you to be like them. He wants to send you good agents and teachers to show you the white man's road. Do you want to do this? If you will try, the Great Father will help you. The Great Father's Commissioners have come a long way to see you. We are your friends. We have talked straight from the heart. What do the chiefs say? We will carry your words to the Great Father at Washington. We want them to be good."

Little Raven, of the Arapahoes, replied with great earnestness. He appealed first to the Cheyennes, saying that they had been brothers for a long time; they had camped and made war and hunted together. He hoped they would listen to his words and make them their own. Here was the opportunity of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. It was their good chance; they must keep it. Then, turning to the Commissioners,

he assured them that the Indians would do right. Many bad things had been done; this day all the bad was washed out. They were here together at peace; they would always remain at peace; they wished their children to live and not perish. "Tell the Great Washington Father this!" he exclaimed. "We love our wives and our children. We do not want any more soldiers to come here to take away our wives and our children. As to the reservation, we want it to be along this stream (the North Fork of Canadian, on which Camp Supply is located), not too far down from this, for we do not want to be near bad men. We do not want to go near the Osages, who steal our horses, and we do not want to go farther north on account of troubles; we want to stay on this stream. Another thing, we want the traders to come with goods, and they will not be molested. We are prepared to trade with them. From this day is peace. We have made peace to-day in the presence of the Great Spirit, in the presence of the Great Father's chiefs, in the presence of the soldier chiefs, and of our own soldiers. It will last always. Our young men would like to be glad. Your soldiers have a feast; they would like to eat with them and be glad."

After the speech of Little Raven, Mr. Brunot said, "Do the Cheyennes agree to Little Raven's words?" So Medicine Arrow, a chief of the Cheyennes, replied that he would accept all

in the name of his people. After a speech by Mr. Dodge the council was declared finished. And it is interesting to note in this connection that, in spite of individual lawlessness now and then, these tribes never gave the nation any more trouble.

When Mr. Brunot sent his report to Washington he recalled the wrongs which these tribes had suffered from the Government. "No amount of generosity now practicable would be sufficient," he writes sadly, "to make just amends for the past." He points out how the treaty of 1851 reserved for them most of Colorado, parts of Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas. Fifty thousand dollars a year were to be paid for fifty years by the Government. It is needless to say that neither the reservation was respected nor the money paid. "The Indian has no rights," was the maxim, "which the white man need respect." In 1861, a new treaty was made and the reservation was limited to a district in southern Colorado; the Government promising to pay sixty thousand dollars annually for fifteen years. Then a war came which cost the Government thirty millions, and was admittedly disgraceful and dishonourable; peace found the Indians shorn even of their Colorado land, and a new section was given them. At last nothing was left but the roaming privilege between the Arkansas and the Platte, till in the end this also was deemed too generous and their home became narrower

still. Mr. Brunot had, indeed, kept his promise to the Arapahoes and the Cheyennes; he had, indeed, pleaded their cause. The words sting even as they stand on the printed page. "The United States," he writes, "first creates the fiction that a few thousand savages stand in the position of equality in capacity, power, and right of negotiation with a civilised nation. They next proceed to impress upon the savages, with all the form of treaty and the solemnity of parchment, signatures and seals, the preposterous idea that they are the owners in fee of the fabulous tracts of country over which their nomadic habits have led them or their ancestors to roam. The title being thus settled, they purchase and promise payment for a portion of the territory, and further bind themselves in the most solemn manner to protect and defend the Indians in the possession of some immense remainder defined by boundary in the treaty, thus becoming, as it were, *particeps criminis* with the savages in resisting the 'encroachments' of civilisation and the progressive movement of the age. Having entered into this last-named impracticable obligation, the fact of its non-performance becomes the occasion of disgraceful and expensive war to subdue their victims to the point of submission to another treaty. And so the tragedy of war and the farce of treaty have been enacted again and again, each time with increasing shame to the nation."

After this fearless exposition, Mr. Brunot adds that in spite of all this past he is sure that the Cheyennes and Arapahoes intend to keep the peace, but the Government must send honest men to deal with them. He is well aware that there are horse-thieves, rioters, and murderers among them; but he is certain that among their white neighbours on the border there is a larger proportion of such rascals.

I may seem to have wandered from the story of the summer, but this is the natural place to tell how thoroughly Mr. Brunot kept his word, and told the Great Father at Washington and all his white children what were the wrongs of the redmen. And the best of it was that it made an impression.

Wednesday, August 11th, the party moved on to Fort Sill, a distance of two hundred and five miles, which they reached on the 19th. It was a barren country through which they passed, with few trees and almost no water, though on the 17th they had great difficulty in crossing the river. It was this same day that the chief of the Kiowas, Santanta, came up with them, and graciously remained to dinner. Mr. Brunot's servant Mark took charge of him for the repast. "We eat together?" asked Mark. The chief grunted his assent. Then Mark noted that his guest ate seventeen biscuits and two slices of ham, and drank five cups of coffee. This done, Santanta put his hand on his stomach with a

patronising pat, and murmured, "Chuck good, chuck good." "Whereupon," Mrs. Brunot records in her journal, "he mounted his delightful rocking-chair horse and ambled off."

At Fort Sill they again met in council. The Indians there represented the Kiowas, the Comanches, the Apaches, the Wichitas, the Wacos, the Towacaroes, the Keechis, the Caddos, and the Anadaghcos, all living in the neighbourhood. General Grierson, commanding the fort, introduced the commissioners, and once more the council was opened with prayer. Mr. Brunot then made his speech urging them to peace, and inciting them to learn the white man's good ways.

Essahabet, of the Comanches, was the first to answer. "To-day my heart feels glad," he began. He pointed out that they were already some way on the white man's road; "but," he added, "though I have been walking on this road some years I have not seen a house on it yet, though we were promised that houses should be built for us." He went on to tell of broken promises. "I think," he said politely, "those who promise and do not fulfil are not much captains." However, he gave grateful testimony to General Grierson and some of their agents. After Essahabet, Santanta, of the Kiowas, spoke. His heart also felt glad, and he too spoke of the blandishments of the white man's road. "We have tried the white man's road,"

he said, "and found it hard; we find nothing on it but a little corn—which hurts our teeth. No sugar, no coffee. But we want to walk in the white man's road: we want guns, breechloaders, powder, caps. This is the white man's road; yet you want us to make arrow-heads, which only bad Indians use." A little later he looked out over the country, and remarked that all this great region belonged to them. "But the whites," he said, "have divided it up to suit themselves. I don't know," he said ruefully, "that my heart feels good about this business." After a plea that the small reservation now left to them should never be taken away, he yielded his place to Buffalo Good, the Waco chief, who told of the agents who gave nothing but promises. Manowa, a Comanche, seconded Essahabet's words, and Mr. Dodge and Dr. Bishop addressed the chiefs. When Mr. Brunot had spoken a second time, giving counsel and promising help, this council was also at an end.

Mrs. Brunot was not less interested in all this perplexing problem than Mr. Brunot, and she frequently had long talks with the chiefs. She gave one of these chiefs a package of needles for his squaw, asking him to be good to her and not let her work too hard; for Mrs. Brunot was quite sure that the Indian men needed to learn to work. "I want house," he replied; "not hen-house, but great house like General Grierson. Then," he said in a stately way,

“ I work,” adding softly, with a shrug, “ *a little.*”

The result of this summer among the Indians of the Indian Territory was marked. Before this, year after year, raids had been made upon the settlers in Texas and other frontiers, but from this time these wild tribes settled down upon their reservations peacefully, and gradually came into the white man’s road.

Meantime Mr. Farwell had visited the Mission Indians of California, and Mr. Colyer had gone to a number of civilised tribes in the Indian Territory, as well as to certain tribes in Arizona and New Mexico, where, with the assistance of General O. O. Howard, the dangerous Apache war was brought to an end. Mr. Colyer also visited Alaska, and presented an exhaustive report of almost unknown Indians.

Altogether, the Board of Indian Commissioners had made a brave beginning towards the solution of the Indian Question.

CHAPTER III

A SUMMER WITH THE UTES AND SIOUX (1870)

THE second year of the work of the Commission came with an increase of responsibility. A committee was appointed, of which Mr. Brunot was a member *ex-officio*, to supervise the purchase of annuity goods for the Indians, which each year amounted to several million dollars. The old system was honeycombed with fraud: specious advertisements always resulted in giving contracts to swindlers. Mr. Brunot and others inspected the goods, and audited the bills; and many bills with fraud on the face of them were rejected.

In the summer of this year Mr. Brunot and Mr. Campbell, accompanied by Mrs. Brunot, started forth on a dangerous mission to visit the Sioux at Fort Laramie. A Sioux war was deemed inevitable, and a war with fifty thousand Indians was a serious matter. Four years before a war with the Sioux had cost the country thirty million dollars, beside the disgrace. Instead of sending an army, the government now sent two gentlemen whose services cost the country nothing whatever. It sounds Utopian.

When they reached Cheyenne they learned that the Sioux could not meet them for three weeks, so they gladly accepted an invitation from Governor McCook to visit the Utes, who were near Denver and were anxious to see the commissioners. Fifteen or twenty chiefs wearing moccasins and blankets, and carrying bows and arrows, met them in the territorial office; strikingly handsome they were in their primitive dress. They asked not to be sent to the reservation in the southern part of the State, but to stay near the graves of their ancestors. The only charge against them was that their visits to settlements frightened the women and children.

The next day Mr. Brunot met some of them informally. As he entered the room he noticed Peah gazing at a postage stamp. Mr. Brunot gave him a fresh one, and the chief held it out before him, exclaiming: "Washington good; Washington peace; white man no kill, Indian no kill; heap buffalo; Washington good; heap peace Washington." Mr. Brunot was much affected by this eulogy upon the face on the stamp, and explained that the present Great Father wanted to be like Washington, and have peace and do good to the Indian. As the chief went on to talk of his children, Mr. Brunot asked if he wouldn't give him one of his boys to educate, that he might be taught the white man's ways and grow up to be a great white chief. The Indian touched his eyes and said that he and

his wife could not let the boy go, they would all weep; but he wanted to express his appreciation of the offer, so in a moment his face was bright with a new idea. "You give me one of your boys," he cried. "I teach him Indian's road; shoot buffalo, shoot elk, shoot antelope." In his eagerness he drew his bow in the empty air to illustrate his meaning. Then he added, as he threw his hand over his head, "I make him heap chief—heap Ute chief!" This was not sarcasm, but generosity, and Mr. Brunot was grateful.

It was discovered that Peah's main objection to the reservation was that he was subordinate to a greater chief there, and he desired independent dominion. The governor reported that the Utes were in general content with their reservation, and were inclined to send their children to school, so the commissioners had an easy task in adjusting the difficulties.

Mr. Brunot and Mr. Campbell now returned to the Sioux at Fort Laramie. Red Cloud was head chief of the entire Sioux nation, and had been going about gathering in the insubordinate inferior chiefs. Red Cloud had in his youth been reckless, but when his father died he spent three days and nights under the tree which held his father's bier, and there, by prayer and fasting, he turned about and became a serious man. It reminds one of Prince Hal's night in the Jerusalem Chamber after the death of the king.

Spotted Tail was the chief next in rank to Red Cloud, and he loved the whites, because his daughter had fallen in love with a lieutenant. The girl showed her love, after the fashion of Indian maidens, by sitting on the soldier's doorstep and watching him with admiring gaze as he came and went. No notice was taken of her simplicity, but Spotted Tail, informed that it was behaviour unbecoming the daughter of a chief, came to take her away. But she refused to eat in her exile, fell ill, and died. As she was dying she told her father of her love, and made him promise never to go to war with the white man. The commanding officer, hearing of the promise, sent for the body, which was buried by the post—a guard of honour stood about the grave, a salute was fired, and the American flag was now waving over the spot, symbolising the love of an Indian maiden.

Red Cloud was not at Fort Laramie when Mr. Brunot reached it, but rumours came that he was holding councils of his own with various bands to persuade them to a peace policy. They “made medicine” together to see if the signs were right: the “medicine men” drew the arrow from the ground where the Great Spirit was said to have placed it, and lo! it pointed to Fort Laramie. So to Fort Laramie they all went with one accord.

October 2d, Red Cloud with five thousand Indians crossed the Platte. It was a wonderfully

picturesque sight, as, with splashing and shouting, the gay figures, mounted on their ponies, made their way through the stream. What a moment before was a desolate waste became at once a populous town with warriors, women, and children. The men rested, the children played, and the women unloaded the drags, erected the lodges, and arranged their buffalo robes, blankets, and kettles. This sudden village was just outside Laramie, and in the late afternoon several hundred warriors formed in a column and dashed into Laramie, singing and shouting. It was the formal announcement of their arrival. Red Cloud came into Laramie quietly in the evening and partook of entertainment at the house of Mr. Brown. He noted a huge marquee just outside the fort, and on being told that General Flint had put it up for the council he was disgusted. "Do they think I am going to talk to the winds in a tent?" he said. "My Great Father talks in a house, and I want all my people to hear me." This news was brought to Mr. Brunot, who at once decided to hold the council at the general's quarters, for Red Cloud's dignity was worth preserving.

When, at length, all was ready for the council, the general, the commissioners, Red Cloud and his chiefs sat in the middle of the veranda, and others stood about in the order of their rank. Five hundred Indian soldiers filled the yard. The general introduced the commis-

sioners, and Mr. Brunot, as usual, explaining that God alone could bring success to their efforts, opened the council with prayer. Then he explained in part the object of their mission, and called upon Red Cloud for a reply. "Imagine our astonishment," Mr. Brunot writes, "when the chief, rising from his seat, strode out to an open space in the crowd, stooped, and touched the ground with his right hand; then raising his tall form, extended his left hand toward the skies, and with uplifted face and closed eyes offered a prayer to the Great Spirit." As he raised his hand every Indian stood, and became as motionless as bronze. This was the prayer as it was translated:

"O Great Spirit, I pray you to look at us; we are your children, and you placed us first in this land. We pray you to look down on us, so nothing but the truth will be spoken at this council. We don't ask for anything but what is right and just. When you made your red children, O Great Spirit, you made them to have mercy upon them. Now we are before you to-day, praying you to look down on us and take pity on your poor, red children. We pray you to have nothing but the truth spoken here. You are the protector of the people born with bows and arrows as well as the people born with hats and garments, and I hope we do not pray to you in vain. We are poor and ignorant. Our forefathers told us we should not be in misery if we

Red Cloud, Chief of the Sioux



asked for your assistance. O Great Spirit, look down on your red children and take pity on them."

After this prayer, when the Indians once more seemed to breathe, Red Cloud returned to his place and made a strong speech. Red Dog followed, but he began with charging the interpreter with lying, and he called for Pallardy to interpret his speech. Pallardy reluctantly came forward, but as he took his stand the village marshal, an ugly barbarian with a club set with butcher knives, pounced upon him, seized him by the throat, and commanded him to sit down. Most of the Indians rose and began to talk wildly; many wrapped their blankets about them and strode away muttering; whereupon Red Cloud suavely explained to the commissioners that the council had better be stopped till the Indians could agree among themselves. So the commissioners shook hands with all the chiefs, and the council was over. A handsome chief named Small Wound continued excitedly to harangue the Indians, calling them fools for behaving thus before the Great Father's friends. But the confusion was past mending, and Mrs. Brunot and the ladies of the post withdrew their shattered nerves into the general's quarters, with no hope of a council for that day. Red Cloud and other chiefs came in the afternoon, however, to talk informally about education.

When the council reassembled the next morn-

ing, Mr. Brunot requested both interpreters to stand up, so that they could help each other. Thus all was calm to the end. For a number of days conferences continued with the chiefs, and many difficulties were straightened out. Red Cloud liked Mr. Brunot and Mr. Campbell so much that he began to be anxious to try the white man's road, and the seemingly inevitable Sioux war was avoided. Arrangements were made to send a large delegation of the Sioux to the East that they might see the white man in his glory. Public meetings were held in the great Atlantic cities, and crowds came to hear the Indians speak. On both sides a favorable impression was created, and the peace which was cemented by the council at Fort Laramie was made effective through lasting assurance of mutual respect.

This year Mr. Farwell, Mr. Colyer, and Mr. Lang (who had been added to the Board) visited several tribes in the Indian Territory, and accomplished satisfactory results. In the fall the Board called a conference of the various missionary societies, through their secretaries and prominent members. All the missionary boards were represented, and the plan proved so profitable that it has been continued ever since. Lately, through the generous interest of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Smiley, these conferences have been invited to meet at Lake Mohonk, and an influence beyond calculation has gone out from them,

both in the formation of public opinion and in the advance of needed legislation.

The second year of the Board of Indian Commissioners found both Indian and white man more ready for their respective duties. "My beloved brother," Bishop Whipple wrote, "I love you for many kind words in the past, but for nothing so much as for your love and pity for my poor red friends. I thank you and beg you to thank your fellow-commissioners for their labours of love. . . . Do our people think God is blind? Do we forget already the half million of graves slavery cost us? I do not despair. The cry of the poor has reached the ear of the Lord. He, who while on earth was the refuge of the poor and the outcast and the healer of the broken of heart, is stirring the hearts of His people and awakening in them a divine pity for the poor and helpless. I thank God from the depths of my heart that this Commission has done its work."

CHAPTER IV

ACROSS THE CONTINENT (1871)

THE first day of June, 1871, Mr. Brunot started upon his third visit to the Indians, going this time as far west as the Pacific Coast. He was accompanied by Mr. Cree, the secretary of the Commission, and by Mrs. Brunot and her niece, Miss Mary Hogg. He stopped at Fort Laramie and once more held conferences with the Sioux chiefs, and had several private interviews with Red Cloud. It had been a peaceful year, and the Sioux were more and more inclined to send their children to school and to learn the white man's ways. Another large delegation of Sioux was sent to the Eastern cities, and wonderful stories they brought back of the white man's power and the folly of resisting him. Men like Wendell Phillips stood beside the Indians on the platform, and hurled invectives at the crowds who came to gaze at their red brothers. So the education went forward on both sides, though the Indians who stayed at home listened with some incredulity to the travellers' tales and murmured that they had taken the "white man's medicine."

In spite of the dangers of the country, Mrs. Brunot and her niece accompanied the commissioners to the Red Cloud agency in Montana. At one point, called The Chugg, a detachment of cavalry was sent to guard the party at night. Nothing daunted, the gentlemen announced in this rough place that there would be a religious service in the saloon. In came the rough frontiersmen, and among them a refined-looking Mexican, who had recently shot a man as a reward for stealing two of his mules. Public sentiment, deeming the punishment only adequate, had a high regard for the polite Mexican. A few miles farther on, the Commission paused at a little inn, where three weeks before a dance had been given, and after the dance, a drunken guest had emptied the six shots of his revolver into the party, several of whom were killed. Not deeming the cause adequate in his case, his friends hanged him. Such was Montana in 1871. Such was the community in which a layman could gather men for a religious service.

Strange, too, were the matrimonial customs of the region. "Why don't you get married?" asked a soldier. "How can I," answered the ranchman, "with not an unmarried woman in fifty miles?" Whereupon the soldier told of a spinster in Pennsylvania who would gladly accept him. The ranchman wrote to her and she came. At Beaver Head Cañon a woman who was a passenger on the coach stopped for

breakfast. The innkeeper noted that she was alone, and in the half hour proposed and was accepted. Whereupon down came her luggage, and they were married forthwith. At Fort Hall, in Idaho, Mr. Brunot was just about to step into the stage after breakfast when a man came out and said, "There's a man and woman here who want to get married—won't you marry them?" Mr. Brunot thought over the laws and the rubrics, and knowing that no other person within a radius of a hundred miles could marry them, and believing that as a government officer in the Territory it was proper for him to do so, he summoned his party from the coach, took out his Prayer Book and read the service over the happy couple. Then they all climbed into the coach and dashed away.

At the Umatilla agency in Oregon the Commission held a conference of six days, chiefly to see that the Indians were fairly treated by a railway company which wished to push its track through their reservation. Mr. Brunot decided that it was neither necessary nor wise to allow this, and the plan was abandoned. On the Sunday following the conference, Mr. Brunot and Mr. Cree held a religious service with the Indians. It was a bright afternoon, and they gathered under the shade of the trees. Many of the Indians had never heard of God except as the Great Spirit, or of Jesus Christ; and it was a problem to plan for a service of an hour which

could in any way impress them. They dismounted from their horses and came forward with military precision to the sound of a drum, many of the women wearing gay costumes with jingling bells. Both Mr. Brunot and Mr. Cree spoke, and every Indian stood in respect during both addresses, gazing intently into the face of the speaker, and not watching the interpreter at all. During the evening three young men, the leaders of the tribe, came to the agency and asked for Mr. Brunot and Mr. Cree. "We listened to the story you told us to-day," they said, as Mr. Brunot met them; "it was new and strange, but we believe we must do right, and we have come to ask you what we ought to do." "It was a grand opportunity," writes Mr. Cree, "and Mr. Brunot made the best use of it." They longed to linger with these people, but they were obliged to go on at once, in order to meet other appointments.

Thence Mr. Brunot and Mr. Cree took a boat on the Columbia to visit the Nez Percés Indians on Snake River. After a sail of several hundred miles the boat struck a snag in Snake River and sank. Owing to the delay caused by this accident the visit to this important tribe had to be abandoned; could their visit have been accomplished, it is likely that the Nez Percés war of a few years later would have been averted, for Mr. Brunot would have won justice for these long-suffering and friendly Indians.

Returning to the Dalles of the Columbia in Oregon, they were joined by Mrs. Brunot and her niece, and all together started upon a beautiful drive through an uninhabited wilderness, to the Yakama agency, seventy-five miles away. Seven snow peaks were constantly in view, and the weather was superb, to correspond with the scenery. Late Saturday evening they reached the agency, being guided at the last by a party of gaily dressed young Indians, who chanced to come their way. The leader of this wild band was an attractive fellow who much impressed Mrs. Brunot; so she sent for him, and he told her of his reckless life. She talked to him, and afterwards wrote to him; and through her influence he settled down to a civilised and a Christian life, from which he never wavered till death.

The agent at Yakama was a Methodist minister, commonly called Father Wilbur. He was perhaps the best agent the Commission ever found, for he had both piety and rare common sense. He had settled early at Portland, and won the community at once by announcing, "You all want to sharpen your knives; come and use my grindstone!" He had been the agent at Yakama for fifteen years, and by his tact and goodness a large proportion of the Indians were thoroughly civilised. He had built sixty houses for them, and they had acquired large herds of cattle. Besides, many had learned trades, and the women had become excellent

housekeepers. They had built a church with their own savings, and two of their tribe were licensed preachers, whose salary was provided by the Christians in the tribe.

Very early the next morning, being Sunday, the Indian families began to come in for the church services. Often the women and girls rode the horses, while the men and boys trudged on beside them, quite reversing the usual Indian notion of propriety. The church was crowded. The Indian men came in with their families and stood at the end of the bench till the women and children were seated. Father Wilbur and his two native assistants conducted the service in the Chinook dialect, after which Mr. Brunot and Mr. Cree spoke through interpreters. At the close several Indians told how they had left their old barbarism and had followed Jesus Christ, and Mr. Brunot could not keep back the tears as he heard their simple stories. How thorough their Christianity was, Mr. Brunot learned later from a Presbyterian minister who was visiting them. Four of them had come two days' journey to the Columbia to meet him. When they stopped the first night to camp, he ate his supper, and then, being excessively weary, wrapped himself in his blanket and fell asleep under the trees. The four Indians sat for some time around the fire, discussing the great man whom the President had sent to them; then one of them went up and touched him, and asked him if he had

gone to bed. "Yes," he answered. "We," said the Indian, "are accustomed to kneel down and commit ourselves to the care of God before going to sleep, and we want to ask if you will join in our prayer."

During this visit Father Wilbur pointed Mr. Brunot to a pile of worthless, rusted tools. A year before Mr. Brunot had asked that tools be sent to Father Wilbur, in order that the Indians might mend their own wagons; so the government undertook to send them. A scoundrel, however, got the contract, after the good old fashion, and raised a sunken ship, laden with such implements, in New York harbor. These rusted tools he reshipped *via* Cape Horn to Columbia River, receiving from the government one million dollars for his pains. And now Mr. Brunot saw them an absolutely worthless mass of iron.

The integrity of these Indians was proverbial. It was said that goods intended for the trader's store were always in danger of being stolen till they got to the Indian side of the river, and there they could be left for weeks with no guard whatever; though the Indians had every opportunity to steal, nothing was ever taken. This was the trader's own testimony. One day a young Indian made a statement which amazed an army officer, who thereupon turned to Eagle Feather, his father, and asked if the boy spoke the truth. The chief looked at him in calm sur-

prise, and said, "The young man never saw a white man before; he has not learned to lie."

From Yakama Mr. Brunot and Mr. Cree went on alone to the Warm Spring agency, another drive of seventy-five miles, part of the way without roads. It was on this journey that they spent a night at a cabin, where, after caring for their horses, they were presented with a basin by their hostess, in which they were invited to wash their hands. When they had both used it, she took it again, and dressed a chicken in it. Then she made biscuits in it; in a moment it was on the stove full of boiling milk. It is not surprising that even with their indulgent courtesy the guests found their appetites subdued. On the same journey, when they were twenty-four miles from any house, and on a treeless plain, the tongue of their wagon broke. A rope would not do, for they had some steep hills before them. They were almost in despair, when in a gulch they discovered an abandoned sled, which speedily furnished them with a bit of wood to make their wagon safe. I mention these two incidents, trivial in themselves, to suggest the constant inconveniences of these summers among the Indians.

At the Grand Ronde agency the Commission held a council, which was remarkable chiefly for the speech of an Indian on whiskey. "When I got big," he said, "I saw whiskey. They told me to smell it. It made me sick. They told

me to drink it, that it was good. I drank it, but did not like it. I know whites and Indians both drink it, and it kills them. I think you ought to stop making whiskey. The whites say, 'Why do you drink whiskey?' I answer, We don't make it; the whites make it, and give it to us, and then they say they will put us in jail for drinking it. Whenever they have war, whiskey is sent, and they drink it, and it makes them brave. When they are cold, the white men say it makes them warm. When they are warm they say it makes them cold. When I have a bottle of whiskey and a man says he is cold I give him a drink. Everybody knows the Indian doesn't make it. If I had a handful of money and went outside, the white man would take the whole of it, and go and get a bottle of whiskey for four bits and give it to me. White men taught me to drink. I have learned to like it, and mean to drink it.'

Having visited these agencies the party went to Seattle. Here they took a little steamer on Puget Sound, and saw the tide rise and fall twenty-three feet. They visited the Tulalip, Lummi, Skokomish, and other reservations. Meetings were held at all these agencies, and often three different interpreters stood by Mr. Brunot and put his words into three different languages to bring his message to the tribes who gazed into his face. Here, too, they saw many of the flatheaded Indians (who, by the way, do

not belong to the Flathead tribe). Shortly after birth a board is tightly fastened close to the skull of an Indian boy, which is pressed against it till the head from the eyebrows back is perfectly flat. Women and slaves escape this dignity.

At Tulalip there was a significant meeting of Indians under the lead of a chief called Napoleon. Curiously enough the Indians had learned their English of Irishmen, and so talked with a broad brogue, addressing the great white chief as "yer hanour, Falix R. Bhruno." Sunday, which was the first day the Commission was at Tulalip, the Indians began to howl, and Mr. Brunot asked what the matter was. The priest told him that the Indians wanted the council that same day. Mr. Brunot explained to them why that could not be, nevertheless Napoleon howled again. So the party visited the school to satisfy him. The nuns began to examine the pupils in arithmetic, and Mr. Cree in despair asked them to sing, thinking that Sunday might thus get a little more peace. To the amazement of the guests the nun started them on a very lively love song. To make the entertainment quite complete, two boys then marched in with an elk head.

The next day (August 28th) they held the council, first going into the chapel for a service. The women all crowded in, and the dogs came in, too, till one couldn't move in the tiny room.

After the service they went out, and Napoleon thumped his great stick and told his wrongs. The Indians paid great deference to Mr. Brunot as always, and an Irish woman afterward told Mrs. Brunot that they thought he was George Washington. "You told them that he wasn't George Washington, didn't you?" asked Mrs. Brunot. "Och, no," she exclaimed, "I didn't want to disappoint thim!" The following day (August 29th) a council was held at Lummi, chiefly remarkable for the presence of Davie Crockett, Duke William, and the Duke of York, in surprisingly red skins.

Father Chirouse, the priest at Tulalip, was worried because the statue of the Virgin was a very ugly wooden affair, so Mrs. Brunot promised to send him a fine one. One winter day toward the close of Mr. Brunot's life, he and Mrs. Brunot were driving down California Avenue, when they saw two nuns standing on the curbstone waiting for a car. They looked so cold that Mrs. Brunot drove up and, taking them into her carriage, drove them to their destination. Meanwhile she told them of Tulalip and the image of the Virgin. They grew very much excited. "And did you send it?" they cried. "Yes," answered Mrs. Brunot, "as soon as we reached home." Then the two nuns clasped their hands in rapture as if the statue had been sent to them instead of to a poor little mission of their church at Tulalip.

Before returning to Pittsburgh, Mr. Brunot had intended to visit the Modoc Indians, but forest fires had made the journey impossible at that time. This tribe had suffered grievous wrongs from the white settlers who were rapidly crowding them out. The Board was thoroughly familiar with the situation, and Mr. Brunot drew up instructions which were given to General Canby and others, who were appointed as a special commission to the Modocs. Mr. Brunot's third alternative exactly granted all the Indians asked for, and it is a mystery why the commission failed. As it was, General Canby and his colleagues were massacred, and the Modocs were removed to the Indian Territory. This sad sequel makes one understand the danger of the situation that constantly beset Mr. Brunot, and makes the more evident his wonderful skill. Mr. Cree writes that he is quite sure that if Mr. Brunot could have visited the Modocs when he intended, the horrible result would certainly have been avoided.

At San Francisco there was another revelation of Mr. Brunot's unique merits as an Indian officer. The commissioners spent several days here examining accounts that were supposed to be fraudulent; and when Mr. Cree was settling the bill at the hotel, the clerk asked, with a wink, "Shall I put in a parlour?" "Why, no," he answered; "we have had no parlour." "But," said the clerk, "it is customary for per-

sons connected with the Indian Bureau to have a parlour in the bill—you pocket the difference, you know.” What would the clerk have thought had he known that here was an officer to the Indians who, when accompanied by members of his family, allowed the government to pay not a penny of their expenses; who, still more, accepted not even a pass in their behalf? This may seem a small matter in the eyes of some; it is, nevertheless, absolute integrity.

Mrs. Brunot used to tell of those weeks on Puget Sound as the most delightful of all their Indian summers, and then she would go on to tell that on their way home they spent Sunday in Chicago (October 8, 1871), and saw the great fire, in which all their luggage was burned to a cinder, and from which they escaped with only their lives.

When Mr. Brunot reached home, he found many letters urging him to accept President Grant's urgent appointment to become Commissioner of Indian Affairs. It had for some time been evident that the post would be offered him, and it had also been plain that he would under no condition accept it. Indeed, he said he could not. Notwithstanding, his friends and the friends of the Indian continued to urge him. His intimate friend, Mr. William Welsh, was particularly insistent. “The Providential indications,” he wrote, “that God has called you to

the Indian office are increasing instead of being dissipated. You said that you desired to discharge it from your mind if possible. It is not possible, even if you cannot give more than six months to the organisation of the Indian agency service. Bishop Whipple, ex-Secretary Cox, Mr. H. M. Rice, of Minnesota, the leading Quakers, and members of Congress all concur in the earnest hope that you will serve. The President, the Secretary of the Interior, and Congress will support you cordially, and you can convene strong and wise men from all the religious bodies who will aid with wise counsel and strong influence. . . . We must not abandon Grant's policy, and yet if you come not to our help, I know not who may get into the Indian office. It is no small thing to have the hearts of all the Indians' friends drawn out to you, and I trust that their prayers will be heard and answered."

His friend, Mr. George H. Stuart, was no less eager. "The uncertainty of finding you must be my excuse for not having sooner, on paper, extended my congratulations at your cordial appointment by President Grant, as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and my earnest hope and desire that you may be led to make the sacrifice and accept. I have already done this by wire, and learned your decision with the deepest sorrow. From the Associated Press dispatch I am in hope you may reach home this week, and I

beg to extend to you and Mrs. Brunot a cordial welcome home after your long and perilous journey. . . . I keep hoping that we can prevail on you to accept." In a later letter Mr. Stuart urged again: "I do hope and pray that the Lord may incline you to accept. Do so for the sake of our poor suffering Indians."

The great journals, too, joined in the chorus. "Here," said The Philadelphia Press, "we have a nomination eminently fit to be made. It opens a wide, clear field for the solution of a problem that for half a century has baffled our statesmen." "We believe," was the word of a Western journal, "that of all men in the Union to-day, Mr. Brunot is the one eminently fitted for the task."

Mr. Brunot was by no means unmoved. His judgment, however, made him feel that he must continue his work in the old Commission, and that he was accomplishing there all that he could possibly accomplish in any capacity. For not a moment more of his time could he give, remembering all the other large purposes that demanded a place in his life. It was not a question of personal sacrifice; it was a question whether, for the sake of the Indian office, he could rightly sacrifice all other works which had come to depend upon him. He had not the shadow of a doubt that it was his duty to say no.

It is useless to speculate what would have

happened had the office been filled by a man of Mr. Brunot's calibre. It is also impossible to assert that he made a mistake, in spite of his friends' remonstrance; for, after all, if a man has a sound conscience, he is his own best judge how most wisely to use his life.

CHAPTER V

AMONG THE SHOSHONES AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS (1872)

THE next year Mr. Brunot entered into his work for the Indians with his usual vigour, rejoicing most of all in the appointment of General Francis A. Walker as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, for whose honour and ability he had only confidence and admiration. Mr. Brunot wrote to the President with enthusiasm: "Only three years have passed, and we have the satisfaction to congratulate you upon the marked success of your policy in the management of the Indians, and the emphatic approval which it has received from the American people. During the past year the advance of some of the tribes in civilisation and Christianity has been rapid, the temper and inclination of all has greatly improved, and enough progress has been made in overcoming the difficulties in the case of the least promising of the nomadic tribes, to give a reasonable assurance of eventual success." It is an interesting detail that up to this time the members of the Board had travelled an aggregate of two hundred and fifty-six thousand

miles, and that during the previous year they had controlled purchases to the amount of two millions of dollars, saving the Government for the year four hundred and fifty-seven thousand, eight hundred and ten dollars. Such facts at once disarmed the enemy who fain would have destroyed a system which so effectually interfered with their own vicious schemes.

On the second day of July Mr. Brunot, accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Cree, set forth for another summer with the Indians. He had previously asked the Interior Department to warn the Indians of his coming long in advance, not only to avoid the irksome delays caused by their deliberate slowness, but to assure the presence of as large a number of Indians as possible. Mr. Brunot had always insisted that the Government had no right to treat with the chiefs alone, but only with a full representation of each tribe. His adherence to this theory accounted largely for the success of his work, for the simple reason that what all had agreed to all kept. The purpose of the expedition was largely to reconcile the Indians to the Northern Pacific Railway, which was then building. Consequently the Commission proceeded at once to the Crow agency in Montana, consuming in the journey eighteen days of continuous travelling, including the Sundays. These they spent quietly in the place which they chanced to reach Saturday night.

And then, alas! the old story: the Indians

were still behindhand and would not be in for four or five days. The interval was not to be wasted, however, and Mr. Brunot determined to visit the Yellowstone National Park, just set apart by Congress. The several gentlemen who composed the party had no idea of what they should see, for it was an unknown region, so Mr. Brunot's note-book abounds in appreciative description. He always carried a rod and a gun, and keenly enjoyed the fishing and hunting which the holiday afforded. Saturday night they reached Butler's Ranch for Sunday, though they slept in their own tents. Under Sunday, July 20th, he wrote in his journal: "We got a late breakfast at nine. I rose at five, went to a spring, took a good wash in the ice-cold water, shaved, and lay down for another nap. After breakfast I walked out half a mile to a large boulder on the slope toward the mountains. I found it to be of granite about thirty feet high, and more in diameter; a large slice had been split off by the elements and lay with the flat side up, like a table twenty-five feet square. As I approached to climb upon it, the sharp warning of a large rattlesnake made me spring back. There was no stick or weapon within half a mile, so I gathered some stones and got upon the rock from the opposite side, but as soon as I began to attack he escaped beneath. I sat down on top of the rock for a while, and then concluded to leave it, but as

I started to get off, I was startled by another rattle. I killed this one with stones, and have his rattle in my pocket. He is three feet and a half long and had ten rattles. After reading in my Testament for a while I am still sitting on my rock and writing this note of proceedings for Molly's reading when I get home. My rock is a pleasant place, even if there is a den of rattlesnakes beneath it."

As they came out of the Park they met Professor Hayden, chief of the United States Geological Bureau, just going in for its first survey. Writing afterward to his friend Jay Cooke, the president of the Northern Pacific, Mr. Brunot spoke first of the resources of Montana, and then of the beautiful park. "You will rightly conclude," he says, "that my visit has increased the confidence which you know I have always felt in the success of the Northern Pacific Railway. It has in a like degree increased my anxiety to see it hastened forward to completion, for I want to go there again and do not fancy either the five hundred miles of stage ride or the three weeks of steamboating necessary at present to the journey. I know of no other world's wonder so certain to attract crowds of tourists, or so full of compensation for those who reach it."

On returning to meet the Indians, Mr. Brunot had a satisfactory conference with the Crows, and, in reporting it, recommended a change in their reservation. This recommendation was

adopted by Congress at its next session. While they were at the Crow agency, their host told them of his experience just before, as an innkeeper at Virginia City. He had gone to Pennsylvania to be married, and the first night home with his bride he was roused by loud knocking at his door. "We hear that you have a pair of white kid gloves," came a rough voice through the keyhole; "we're going to buy 'em." The bridegroom explained politely that they were his wedding gloves, and he felt tenderly toward them. The rough voice replied, "They're the only white kid gloves in town, and we must have 'em. If you don't sell 'em, we take 'em." The man therefore discreetly gave them up, and, dressing, went out to see what was going forward. He found that arrangements were making to hang one of his boarders, who in spite of his crimes was so popular that his friends had bought a new dress suit specially for the occasion, which with the gloves was to "make Jim's execution," as his comrades proudly announced, "a bang-up affair." The innkeeper was startled to see more than a dozen of his guests hanged at the same time, and alas! with no ceremony. Those were, indeed, savage days, and strangely enough the savagery belonged not to Indians, but to white men. During this year, owing to the Peace Policy originated by the Board, Mr. Brunot asked no military protection when going among the Indians. The only dangers now were

from stage-robbers and hot-headed and ambitious ranchmen.

Leaving Crow Agency, Mr. Brunot and Mr. Cree went to Colorado to attend a council with the Utes. A special commission had been appointed to conduct the negotiations for the transfer of five million acres of their reservation, which had become available for mining property. Mr. Brunot was not a member of the commission, but was at the council as a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, to see that justice was done to both the Indians and the Government. After six days of continuous speech-making, the council, to the chagrin of the special commission, resulted in flat failure.

After the council Mr. Brunot met Ouray, the head chief of the Utes, and told him that the Government wished to secure the arrest and punishment of some Utes who had committed murder in New Mexico. Ouray spoke English and was unusually intelligent. He did not believe the murderers were Utes, but promised to investigate the matter thoroughly. The event proved his mistake, but he kept his word. After discussing the murder, Ouray told Mr. Brunot that he was getting old, and longed to find his son, his only child, who fifteen years before had been captured by a party of Cheyennes and Arapahoes, when the boy was but four years old. The only clew was a report that the boy was with a chief named Friday, in Wyoming.

With characteristic sympathy, Mr. Brunot entered all the details in his note-book, and Mr. Cree undertook to recover the long-lost son. It was found that Friday lived in the Owl Mountains, whither a messenger was sent to interview Friday, who announced that the boy had been carried to Texas by some Arapahoes ten years before. At last, after great pains, the band of Arapahoes in "the staked plains country" was found, and one who seemed like Ouray's son was among them. Arrangements were made to bring him and Ouray to Washington at the same time. A year had passed since Ouray told Mr. Brunot of his sorrow, when father and son met in the office of the Board of Indian Commissioners in Washington. All who saw them knew that they were father and son, but the boy could not believe that he was not an Arapahoe, for all these years he had been taught to fight the Utes. Convinced at last of his sonship, the boy promised to go home with his father after saying good-by to his friends in "the staked plains country." Unhappily, he died on the journey, and his poor father twice lost his only son. But the gratitude which he felt toward Mr. Brunot and Mr. Cree did what a special commission could not do, and when Mr. Brunot told him he thought it right for him to sell a portion of his reservation, Ouray threw all his strong influence in favour of the sale, though a year before he intended opposition to the bitter end.

Mr. Brunot's next mission was to the Shoshones in the Wind River Valley of Wyoming, to purchase from them five hundred thousand acres of mining land already occupied by settlers. Reaching Sweetwater on their way, they found the town all agog with excitement, expecting an attack from the Sioux. The next day, at Camp Staumbaugh, Mr. Brunot was informed that a battle lasting two hours had been waged between some infantry and what was supposed to be a large body of Indians, which, however, proved to be a company of settlers, who also thought they were fighting the Indians. Strangely and fortunately no one was hurt, and it turned out that only four Indians had been in the valley, who, after killing one man and taking his four horses, went home again. The miners advised Mr. Brunot not to go forward, since in the Indian country he would meet certain death, but he was undaunted, though he accepted a guard of two soldiers. The women who prepared their first supper after this were shortly afterward killed and scalped by a band of Arapahoes in revenge for the murder of two of their friends, two hundred miles away, for which crime the poor women had no other responsibility than that their faces were white.

The conference with the Shoshones lasted three days, and the Indians under Washakie decided to sell their land, upon terms which Mr. Brunot assured them were as fair to them as to the Gov-

ernment. The names appended to the treaty are very curious; such as Toopsepowots (Dirty back), Konoka (Necktie), Weawicke (Put-his-finger-in-a-crack), Teneandoka (Horse's grandfather), and a hundred others equally strange. Mr. Brunot reminds the Government in his report that this important treaty was effected without giving presents to the Indians or sending to them a special commission; both of which were thought necessary under the old system, and which together cost more than the expenses of the Board of Indian Commissioners for many years. At the Ute agency, he pointed out, ten thousand dollars had been spent (without consulting the Board) for presents, which did not arrive until after the council, and even yet were undistributed, since they were such valueless trinkets that the Indians would not trouble to carry them away. It was the sad old tale of a political deal by which a contractor received ten thousand dollars for trash which had cost him almost nothing. Poor Utes! even among their annuity goods they had been wont to receive such vain deceits as hoop-skirts, iron axes, sheet-iron shovels, and sardines, all of which proved astonishingly expensive to the Government, but not conducive to Indian bliss.

After the agreement with the Shoshones, Mr. Brunot remained with them over Sunday, intending, with Washakie's approval, to hold a service for them. To Washakie's chagrin, how-

Washakie, Chief of the Shoshones.



ever, the Indians were so intent upon a war dance which they had started that they could not be diverted from it. It was their thanksgiving for the treaty. So Mr. Brunot had a long talk with Washakie instead of the service, after attending a service conducted by a lay reader at the agency. "Washakie was in his wigwam with his family," Mr. Brunot writes in his journal. "We went in and were cordially received. I told Washakie about the Bible and the Saviour. We sang some hymns, and told him what they were about, and had prayers by Mr. Cree. We came away after an hour's visit of deep interest. The chief was greatly pleased, and will remember all he heard. He named one of his sons Felix Brunot and one Thomas Cree. He pronounced my name Belix." Washakie asked that a missionary be sent them, and Mr. Brunot some time after secured an Episcopal clergyman for them. Under Monday, October 1st, Mr. Brunot writes: "We left the agency this morning, and the chief came to say good-bye. He is a remarkable Indian, both in appearance and mental qualities. I have never seen a finer face on a man of fifty." After leaving Washakie, Mr. Brunot turned his face homeward, and the fourth summer with the Indians was over.

The fall had in store a great disappointment for Mr. Brunot in the resignation of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, General Walker. He at once wrote to tell him his profound regret,

and at once General Walker replied: "I thank you heartily for your expression of confidence. I could not well refuse the New Haven offer. It was singularly agreeable to me, and it had manifestly become necessary for me to choose a more permanent place in life than the one I am here occupying. . . .

"I cannot see any ground for anxiety in respect to the future treatment of the Indians. I do think the scourge will be more freely used than heretofore in getting them on reservations and keeping them there, and this I have always believed in. Without constraint nothing can be done to elevate these people. They are like children who dislike to go to school, and will not if they can play truant at pleasure. I used to have to be whipped myself to get me to school and keep me there, yet I always liked to study when once within the school-room walls. I don't believe Indians, as a rule, are any more zealous for self-improvement than most children. They are impressionable, susceptible, and capable of much good, but the precedent condition of doing anything for them is rigidly to control their attention and demand their presence. . . .

"If I am not mistaken, you do not differ materially from this view of the necessity of bringing the Indians on reservations and keeping them there; by force when persuasion has first been fairly tried without success. It was part of the

Indian policy as it was first announced, and an essential part. It is the proper complement of the disposition of the Government to treat the Indians kindly and provide for them *when on* the reservations.

“As to the whole policy thus made up, I do not see any reason to apprehend a change subsequent to the election. I think the humane sentiments of the country were never more awake, that the conscience of the country was never more alive to its duty to the Indians and intelligent in respect thereto, and that the good men of the land were never stronger as against the bad men than to-day. . . . The Indian policy is one of the things that [the bad men] dare not touch. Perhaps this is too sanguine a view, but I find, or think I find, that the worse a politician nowadays is himself, the more anxious he is to conciliate the religious and scholarly elements; and on both these we can now count with assurance in holding the country up to substantial justice to the Indian.”

Mr. G. H. Stuart wrote urging Mr. Brunot to use his influence with General Grant in the appointment of General Walker's successor. Mr. Brunot had profound respect for the President, but regretted, as all good men regretted, the influence which certain unscrupulous politicians had upon his appointments. Mr. Brunot replied at once to Mr. Stuart: “I do not think the President will consent to the appointment of a Com-

missioner of Indian Affairs without consulting the Board, and this being the case, I do not feel at liberty to ask him to consult us. I hope he will appoint General Howard, and that he may be in a position to accept the place. Should General Howard not be the man, Mr. Cree, our secretary, would make an excellent officer. He is thoroughly honest, fully in sympathy with the Indians, a true Christian, largely known in the Christian community, and has visited so extensively the Indian reservations that he has more correct ideas of what is needed than any one else I know."

While Mr. Brunot was thus anxious over the appointment of the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Rev. W. H. Hare was elected Bishop to the Indians. Immediately he turned to Mr. Brunot, who greatly rejoiced in his election. "You may have heard of my election," he wrote, "by the House of Bishops to the Indian Episcopate. It is a subject which weighs supremely on my mind just now, and I greatly desire to have the privilege of a conversation with you who are so familiar with, as well as interested in, the Indian question."

And so the year ended happily for the president of the Board of Indian Commissioners, for it was noble satisfaction to know that his own loved Church was standing absolutely first among the religious bodies of the land, both in gifts and in labours, toward the civilisation and Christian-

isation of the Indian. This gratifying result, it ought to be said, was due to the enthusiasm of a bishop and two laymen. The bishop was Henry Benjamin Whipple; the laymen were William Welsh and Felix Reville Brunot.

CHAPTER VI

LAST YEAR WITH FRIENDLY CHIEFS (1873)

MR. BRUNOT'S work for the Indians by no means stopped with wearisome journeys and careful reports. All through the year he was working for them, and this spring of 1873 may be taken as an example of his method of work. I select five letters from his correspondence at the time to suggest the variety of his interest and endeavour.

The first letter is to his friend William Welsh, with whom he was in constant communication, differing often in judgment but having the same conscientious zeal. It is too long a letter to quote in full, and a fragment must suffice. "I shall be anxious," he writes, "to hear the result of your inquiry in the Sioux country about the supplies. I had requested Mr. Cree some time ago to write to the agents and ask what amount of beef they have on hand. He writes to me to-day that the supplies of beef from July 1st to January 1st amount to six hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars. This looks worse than some of ——'s transactions, if the figures are correct.

“ Who would not be indignant at such a transaction as that to which you refer, by a member of the Board, and correspondingly disgusted with the obtuseness which cannot see that it is wrong? In view of the fact that ——’s* engagements and the health of his wife made him decline the duties allotted to him by the Board, and that he subsequently went on the —— Commission by appointment of the Secretary of the Interior, I suspected the inducing motive, and requested the Board to pass a resolution to the effect that members of the Board could not accept pay for any service in connection with Indian affairs, which was passed. Whereupon he put on his coat and left, saying his feelings were very much hurt and he would resign. But he has not done so, or at least I have not heard of his resignation. I do not believe he knew it was wrong, and would rather he would pay the money back and acknowledge his mistake. Otherwise he must resign.”

The second letter is to the chairman of the Committee of Indian Affairs in the House of Representatives, urging legislation towards the care of the Indians in Alaska. “ Our Board,” he writes, “ believes that in view of the process of demoralisation now going on in Alaska, early counteracting measures are imperatively called for and are in the interest of true economy.”

* Not an original member of the Board, and not named in this book.

He then goes on to describe the people and their needs, carefully citing reports of the War Department and of travellers, and calling attention to Mr. Colyer's report to the Indian Commissioner concerning his journey to Alaska in 1869. The letter is filled with accurate information, which was gained by laborious investigation lasting late into the night of long and busy days, and presented here in concise and convincing form. He encloses the draft of a bill putting the Indians of Alaska in charge of the Bureau of Education, and also sends a ring made by an Alaska Indian.

The next letter is to Felix Brunot, an Indian boy. "I received a letter," Mr. Brunot writes, "from the Rev. Mr. Cook, the missionary among your people, in which he told me that a young chief, Pretty Rock, had put away his heathen name, and that he had baptised the chief and given him my name to take with him all his life along the Christian road. I am thankful to God that He changed the purpose of your heart from the bad road to the Way of Life, and I pray that He may help you with His heavenly grace always to keep in the right path, which will make you happy in this world and at last lead you to Him in heaven. . . .

"I suppose you got your friend to write for you the letter which came to me. I hope you are learning much, and will soon be able to write a letter to me with your own hand. You must

try to learn all that is good, and pray all the time to God to keep your heart right, and read much in His Holy Book which has the words in it of eternal life. And after a while I hope you will be a missionary to teach your Indian brothers about the Saviour. I will pray for you and my dear wife will pray for you."

The fourth letter is to Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution. "While visiting," he writes, "the Shoshone and Bannock Indian Reservation in western Wyoming last September, I saw at the saw-mill a cottonwood log two and a half feet in diameter which had been cut down by beavers. Whether you have anything of the kind at the Smithsonian Institution, I do not know. The time will probably come when the tangible proofs of the rare industry and curious habits of the beaver will be unattainable. S. C. Goodrich, in his popular work, *The Animal Kingdom*, quotes the traveller Richardson as saying: 'The largest tree I observed cut down by the beavers was about six or seven inches in diameter, but Mr. Graham says that he has seen them cut down a tree that was ten inches in diameter.' And the author adds, 'This is, no doubt, an exaggeration.' Captain Bonneville tells of seeing trees cut by beavers which were eighteen inches in diameter, as something marvellous; but this one at the Shoshone agency is a foot larger!

"If I am not mistaken, Washington Irving also expresses doubt, on the authority of Cap-

tain Bonneville, whether the beaver exercises any instinct—or judgment, if you please—in cutting the trees in such a way as to drop them into the water. I think he says that he saw some, or many, trees which had fallen to the shore side, and from this fact reaches his conclusion that the direction in which the trees fall is a matter of accident.

“ I was for a day or two on the bank of the Wind River, some forty miles from the nearest settlement. The beavers were quite abundant there. I examined a cottonwood tree eighteen inches in diameter upon which they were nightly at work. It was just about ready to fall, and was being so cut as to render its fall in any other direction than towards the water impossible. This and the remembrance of Captain Bonneville’s doubt led me to look further, and I found within a distance of three hundred yards of the shore-line five other trees nearly as large which had been dropped into the water, and one about ten inches in diameter which had been partly cut all round, but much more deeply on the water side. The fallen trees were in a quick turn of the stream, where swift, deep water swept along the shore, and the stumps showed the deepest cut, in each case, nearest the water.

“ These trees were not cut for the purpose of making a dam, but for a winter store of food, which the bark and twigs furnish, and they are dropped into the water to be there kept in tender

and palatable condition for their owners. Some further examination showed me that there were other stumps of trees which had been cut off by the beavers, a short distance from the stream, too far to have been intended to reach the water, and these seemed to have no uniformity of direction in their fall. Is it not probable that these and other trees not dropped into the water are cut during the summer for immediate consumption, and give no proof whatever that these wise fellows do not know exactly what they are about, but, on the contrary, that they do know exactly ? ”

The fifth letter is to Secretary Delano, of the Interior Department. “ I beg leave,” he says towards the end, “ to ask your reference also to the recommendation of the Board report, under the head of the Utes. In my opinion the most important first step towards adjustment of pending difficulties, which cannot longer be safely or rightly delayed, is to eject the trespassers from the reservation, and at once to stop the proposed spring movement to the San Juan region. I cannot too earnestly urge this step upon the Government, believing, as I do, that a failure to take it will lead to a disastrous conflict with this hitherto friendly people, as unprovoked and unjust as any of those which have disgraced the past history of wars with Indians.

“ There are persons in Colorado, as elsewhere, to whom all ideas of honourable dealing on the

part of the Government, correct public policy, public economy, and even the care for human life on the frontier, are as nothing compared with the advancement of their private ends and schemes. These, or possibly better men unwittingly under their influence, may suggest that the better mode of meeting the case is to concentrate large bodies of troops in the vicinity, permit and encourage encroachments upon the reservation by miners, and be prepared when the collision comes to 'make short work' with the Utes. The naked proposition to me seems simply infamous, and I most sincerely hope that the Government will not suffer itself to be drawn into an unjust war by delaying to eject the miners from the reservation."

But Mr. Brunot's main work, after all, was to visit the Indians in their homes, and this year he spent four and a half months with them. On the tenth of June he left home with Mrs. Brunot and Mr. Cree. After leaving the railway they had five days and four nights in a closely packed stage, and after the stage came a drive of a hundred miles in a wagon; then at length they were at the Crow agency, to find that the Crows were not yet assembled. While waiting for them, Mr. and Mrs. Brunot and Mr. Cree—at their own expense, of course—visited the National Park. They travelled on horseback, because there were no roads. The region was so little known that

even a guide lost his way. Mrs. Brunot was, perhaps, the first white woman to enter the Park, certainly the first to explore much of it. One Sunday, at the Hot Springs, at Mr. Brunot's suggestion, the thirteen people who were in the Park held a service, absolutely the first religious service of any kind within its confines. Mr. Cree says that the day, the surroundings, and the company made it a notably impressive service.

Even when they had returned to the Crow agency, only a few of the Indians had come; the rest were fighting the Sioux. When the main body came, they were in instant readiness to meet the enemy if the Sioux happened to attack them at the agency. General Sweitzer, an old friend, came from Fort Ellis with a detachment of soldiers, as a guard against the Sioux. These were exciting days for Mrs. Brunot. Associated with Mr. Brunot in the commission were General Whittlesey and Dr. Wright, though Mr. Brunot conducted all the negotiations, which lasted six days (beginning August 11th). After opening the council with prayer, Mr. Brunot addressed the Indians.

"I am glad," he began, "to meet all my friends here now. I was sorry I could not see you when I came here last summer. I came then to hear what you had to say about yourselves, and to talk to you of what I thought was good for you. I have now come again, and am very glad to see you. My heart is good to you,

and I hope you are all well to-day (many had been sick). The Great Father sent some words to you when I started to come, and he sent these two gentlemen with me to see you. He told us there was a new general at Fort Ellis, who also has come to see you. Another man, Mr. Cree, comes with us to write down all that is said by the white men and the Indians. I want you to speak wise words, because they will go to the Great Father. These gentlemen are all glad to see you, and they wish me to tell you so. The Great Father has heard many things from this country; some tell him one thing, some another. I see many things with my own eyes that I will tell him when I go back. I know he thinks the Crows are all his friends, and he wishes to do what is good for you; and when he told us to come and tell the Crows what he thinks is best for you, it is because he cares for you. I want you to know that every word I say to you comes from my heart. I would not say a bad thing for my own child, nor would I for you, and all I say you will see is true."

Then Blackfoot, second chief and principal speaker, replied, "I am going to light the pipe and talk to the Great Spirit." He lighted the pipe, and looking up reverently, continued: "The Great Spirit has made the red man and the white man, and sees all before Him to-day. Have pity upon us! May the white man and the Indian speak truth to each other to-day.

The sun that looks down upon us to-day, and gives us light and heat, sees that our hearts are true, and that what we do is good for the poor red man. The moon that shines on us in the night-time will see us prosper and do well. The earth, on which we walk, from which we come, and which we love as our mother—which we love as our country—we ask thee to see that we do that which is good for us and our children. This tobacco comes from the whites; we mix it with bark from the Indian trees and burn it together before Thee, O Great Spirit! So may our hearts and the hearts of the white men go out together to Thee and be made good and right.”

As he invoked the Great Spirit, the sun, the moon, and the earth, the pipe was reverently held in the direction of each, and afterward was given to the commissioners and then to the chiefs to smoke. Buffalo robes were also brought to Mr. Brunot as gifts, in embarrassing quantity. This done, Blackfoot began his speech.

“ I am going to have a long talk with you,” he said. “ My Great Father sent our friends to see us. We see each other; that is good. You came here last summer; we were sent for, to see you. We were back of the mountains when we heard of you, but high waters and the mountains prevented our coming. You said you did not see us, and you were sorry for it. We could not come any faster. This summer we were on this

side, near the Yellowstone, where we were getting skins to make lodges. In the fall the traders will want our robes. We will then go over the Yellowstone to Judith's Basin to hunt. Since I was a boy I remember that is what the Crows always did. When the Crows meet a friend they always give him something, so we do with you. You say you have a book that tells you about the Great Spirit. We always give the Great Spirit something. I think that is good. We see the sun, we give him something; and the moon and the earth, we give them something. We beg them to take pity on us. The sun and the moon look at us, and the earth gives us food. You come and see us, and that is why we give you something. We are men like each other; our religion is different from yours. The Great Spirit made these mountains and rivers for us, and all this land. We were told so, and when we go down the river hunting for food we come back here again. We cross over to the other river, and we think it is good. We do not shoot our white friends. We are true when we look in your face. On our hands is no white man's blood. When you give us arms to go and fight the Sioux, we fight them to keep our lands from them. When we raise our camp and go for buffalo some white men go with us; they see what we are doing; they see that we jump over the places that are bloody. On the other side of the river below, there are plenty of buffalo; on

the mountains are plenty of elk and black-tail deer, and white-tail deer are plenty at the foot of the mountain. All the streams are full of beaver. In the Yellowstone River the whites catch trout; there are plenty of them. The white men give us food; we know nothing about it. Do not be in a hurry; when we are poor we will tell you of it. At Laramie we went to see the commissioners. Now commissioners come to see us, and we listen to what you say. The commissioners told us at Laramie if we remained good friends of the whites, we should be taken care of for forty years. Since we made that treaty it is only five years. You are in a hurry to stop giving us food. I am a young man yet; my teeth are all good. They told us at Laramie we should get food until we were old, and our children after us." After this speech he was so warm that he took off his beaded coat, and handed it to Mr. Brunot as a gift for the Great Father; it was the best gift in his power.

Iron Bull, the head chief, spoke next, but when he had said, "You are my friends," he was interrupted by the arrival of a mourning party. Long Neck, whose brother was killed in a Sioux battle, came in weeping, helped by his squaw. He placed his hands on the head of each commissioner and sang a doleful song, while the Indians solemnly wept and wailed. "My brother was killed by the Sioux," said Long Neck; "I want

to revenge myself. I come to ask you to give me good luck."

As the council met day after day Blackfoot's oratory became more and more impressive, and Mr. Brunot urged the tribe to come to a decision in which all could agree and which none would regret. At the end of the fifth day the Indians held a council by themselves, and on the morning of the sixth day they signed the agreement by which they ceded to the Government their reservation on the Yellowstone, and accepted in exchange a reservation in Judith's Basin, remote from the railway, and better suited, Mr. Brunot believed, to their needs. They were also to receive perpetual help from the Government in useful wares.

Almost immediately afterward Mr. Brunot received this letter from Governor Potts, of Montana, which pleased Mr. Brunot more than almost any letter he received during his Indian work:

"I feel that it is due you that I should express to you my thanks and the thanks of the people of Montana for your patient labour and skill in consummating the late successful treaty with the Crow Indians, by which they have surrendered to settlement one of the finest and most extensive valleys in the Rocky Mountains. I believe the success you had in forming this treaty is due to the ability and patience by which the negotiations were conducted, aided by the

friendly feeling that has been brought about by the humane policy of the President towards the Indian tribes.

“ Previous to the adoption of the present Indian policy, for which you have laboured so successfully, our people were subjected to frequent incursions from hostile Indians, but for the three years last past they have felt quite secure, and experienced no unnecessary alarm. Many people, for want of knowledge of the situation and the success of the present policy towards the Indians, declaim loudly against its continuance, but I am convinced that if they will take the trouble to inform themselves upon the subject much of their denunciation will cease. Some denounce the policy because of its cost, but a little reflection will convince any reasonable person that feeding Indians is infinitely cheaper than fighting them. For example, the Government has just paid for the expenses of the Montana Indian war of 1867 more than half a million of dollars, and the war accomplished nothing. Had the present Indian policy prevailed at that time, undoubtedly no war would have occurred or expenditure been made necessary. . . .”

Unfortunately, a short-sighted Congress, blinded by the temporary failure of the Northern Pacific, failed to ratify this treaty with the Crows, and a great opportunity was sacrificed.

Returning from the Crow agency to Virginia City to take the stage, Mr. and Mrs. Brunot

found it advisable to start a day in advance of the party. Mr. Cree had all the money, and it shows the respect for Mr. Brunot through all that rough country that he travelled a thousand miles, leaving all bills to be paid by his treasurer, who followed later. On their way to the Utes they paused in Denver and Georgetown, and made the ascent of Long's Peak. Then from Colorado Springs, which interested them with its surrounding rocks and hills, they drove two hundred miles over a mountain pass thirteen thousand feet high, and for fifty miles of the way they saw no human habitation.

The difficulty of a settlement with the Utes was great. They were rightly dissatisfied with the past, and were afraid of the future. But Ouray, it will be recalled, loved Mr. Brunot for his interest in his son's recovery; and what neither commissioners nor armies could accomplish, Mr. Brunot could do. It is not too much to say, on the other hand, that Mr. Brunot loved Ouray. As Mr. Brunot reasoned with him, Ouray admitted his points, but said that a man would rather die than sell his country. All Mr. Brunot's experience, patience, and skill were necessary. Six days (September 6th to 12th) the council lasted, and ended in the cession of five million acres, the southern half of the Ute reservation, a beautiful country eighty-five hundred feet above the sea, covered with high mountains which reached into the region of perpetual snow.

It was a good mining country, but unsuitable for the Indians, and they rarely visited it. One of the towns that came later is happily called Ouray, in memory of a great and good man.

Mr. Brunot visited the Sioux again this year, and counselled with Red Cloud and the Indians at the Red Cloud Agency, with Spotted Tail and Indians from the Whetstone Agency, with Friday and prominent Indians from the northern Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and with the Shoshones and Bannocks at Fort Hall. He saw old faces, and knew what it was to have genuine friends among the Indians. The Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Sioux were induced to settle down on their new reservation.

In the report, in the fall, Mr. Brunot said that the Board had examined accounts to the amount of six millions, disapproving or suspending four hundred and twenty-six thousand, nine hundred and nine dollars. Supplies to the value of two millions were purchased by their direct supervision. As an example of fraud, Mr. Cree says that the first act of a certain Commissioner of Indian Affairs was to approve the purchase of a most objectionable article at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars. It was a recognised fraud, and since the Secretary of the Interior must approve the paper, it was placed among a large number of routine documents and so signed inadvertently. A mistake appearing in the paper, the clerk carried it to the Secretary, who indig-

nantly removed his endorsement. The Indian Office now made a new set of papers, and when the Secretary of the Interior was absent, the acting Secretary signed it among another set of routine documents. But again a trifling error brought the paper to the Secretary, and the fraud was, after the fashion of the traditional cat, killed for the last time. The Board also recommended "an equitable adjustment of traders' prices." While at an agency during the summer Mr. Brunot saw a trader give in exchange for buffalo robes in large number tin cups worth at retail five cents, one cup for each robe. In another place, when buffalo robes were worth at wholesale by the bale twelve dollars each, an agent was buying them for a quart of brown sugar apiece. Another had been more generous and had given a gross of brass buttons, costing exactly forty cents.

Both in the report and otherwise, Mr. Brunot pleaded against the invasion of the Indian Territory by white settlers. The press was advocating the opening of the Territory, and he feared the coming session of Congress would permit it. He therefore asked Mr. Cree to see President Grant at once, since the Secretary of the Interior could not be persuaded to be anything more than lukewarm on the subject. It was Saturday, and on Monday Congress was to meet. The President was busy on his message, and announced that he would see no one. Mr. Cree called, however,

and the President asked him to come in for a moment. He then read to Mr. Cree what he had written. "That is good," said Mr. Cree; "but Mr. Brunot thinks a desperate effort will be made to open the Territory." The President took a strip of paper, wrote two or three lines, and then read a sharp condemnation of the whole movement. "How will that do?" he said triumphantly. "Mr. President," was the answer, "that is just what Mr. Brunot would most like to have you say." And that was what the whole country read the next Monday. Public opinion changed, and the matter was not again opened until recent years, when the friends of the Indian felt that the time had come for them to give up the tribal relation, accept their land in fee simple, and sell what they did not need. The Great Father at Washington was not behind the Red Kings of the border in his love and trust for the Indian's friend.

Public opinion had been completely changed in five years, and Mr. Brunot's presence anywhere was a reminder that the Indians had a friend. "He is as well known on the streets of Washington," said a New York paper at this time, "as he is on those of his native city, from the fact that perhaps no person in the country has wrapped his attention so completely and earnestly about the Indian and his interests as he. In person he is about fifty-one years old. Look at the roof of his head, and you would say

him every hour of sixty-five, but when you drop your eyes to his face, your gaze is met by a youthful sort of countenance that betokens the scholar and the student. He opens his conversation quite cautiously. He is cool, collected, and deliberate in presenting a case, and we set him down in our mind as a man who would stick to his point with grim pertinacity until he made something out of it, undaunted by impediment, undeterred by opposition. Taken altogether, Mr. Brunot is so inflexible, so dignified, so resolute, and at the same time so gentle, so gracious, and so honest that he impresses us as having all the qualities that go to make the thorough business man and the gentleman.’’

CHAPTER VII

RESULTS OF THE INDIAN WORK

IT was obvious, towards the close of 1873, that the original members of the Board of Indian Commissioners could not serve much longer. They freely gave of their busy lives for the sake of the Indian, but when they found repeatedly during the last year that their recommendations were ignored, that bills, laboriously examined by them and rejected by them, were paid, that gross breaking of the law in giving contracts was winked at, and that many important matters were not submitted to them at all, then they decided that their task was as useless as it was irritating. For their office was voluntary. They had no authority over the Interior Department or the Indian Bureau: if the officers of the Government did not choose to be guided by the Board of Indian Commissioners there was nothing to force them to do so. The President, it ought to be said, always stood firmly by the Board, but even he was powerless in the face of the determination of unscrupulous politicians. Mr. Welsh, who, though not a member of the Board, was intensely indignant at their treat-

ment, wrote urging Mr. Brunot to resign at once. Mr. Brunot answered: "I imagine that by this time your amanuensis has concluded that I am a very meek man not to reply to your expressions about indignities put upon the Board, etc. Well, you must not think I do not appreciate your efforts to stir us up; nevertheless I see no other line of duty than to possess our souls in patience, and when we are ready, report the doings of the year, and take, at the January meeting, such action as the evidence before us may warrant. At any rate, we have no authority over the Secretary of the Interior or over the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and by assuming any, or by discourteous official action, would only give them a vantage ground in controversies which may possibly arise in regard to the accounts; the law which gives the Board the authority to reject, gives the Department the authority to overrule the objections, and neither has a right to assume a difference of action on these cases to be an indignity."

Other members of the Board were being moved either by their own discomfort or by the advice of friends, and Mr. Brunot had hard work to hold them back. "I hope," he wrote to Dr. Bishop, "you will not allow yourself to be stirred to any such action. It seems to me a duty to ourselves, and to the cause in which we have laboured with at least reasonable faithfulness, that we shall continue our duties and make our report at the Jan-

uary meeting, and then if we should deem it a duty for any or all of us to resign, we can do so. Until then our relations with Mr. Delano, so far as I am concerned, shall be quiet and courteous, more so, if possible, than ever, for I do not mean to give him the vantage ground upon which he stands towards Mr. —, who has, I fear, lost much of his power by rash and premature action.”

How well Mr. Brunot kept his word is well attested by the courteous and full answers to the letters of Secretary Delano and of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in which, among other matters, he pleaded strenuously against dealing with the Indians by war. “It is an accepted maxim,” he said to Mr. Delano, “among civilised peoples that it is better for ten guilty men to escape than that one innocent man should suffer death. I hope I am not too partial to the savages in thinking that it is better that a few guilty should escape for a time, than that a whole tribe should be attacked and many innocent suffer death.” About the same time he wrote to Mr. Welsh: “I notice by this evening’s paper reported cattle raids on the Sioux border. No effort will be spared to get up a war with the Sioux as an agency to increase the army and to cover up transactions of contractors, and to make it the groundwork of a general raid upon ‘the peace policy.’ Mr. Delano will, I believe, do all he can to prevent it. I regret that I cannot say the same for —.”

Mr. Brunot succeeded by letter and by conversation in holding back individual resignations till the original Board could act as a unit, thus adding to the dignity and effectiveness of their act. "My own convictions," he wrote to Dr. Bishop in May, 1874, "would have led me to resign my place on the Board months ago, but our association with each other has been so agreeable, and our purposes and action so harmonious, that it has seemed to me most desirable that it should so continue until the end of our connection officially with Indian affairs."

Another reason was that he could not bear to give up making one last effort to put the Indian Department upon a sound basis. "I venture to remind you," he wrote to President Grant, May 8, 1874, "of our conversation on the 16th of March, in which, for myself and other members of the Board of Indian Commissioners, I suggested the desirability of placing the control of Indian affairs in a department, or independent office, whose head should receive a salary commensurate with the ability required and the importance of his position, and whose term of office should continue during the term of at least two or more administrations, subject only to removal for cause. . . .

"You expressed approval of the plan, and among other things said it would continue the present policy, and take the Indian service out of politics, but that you did not think Congress

would adopt it, that you would consult some of the leading members on the subject and would inform me of your conclusions.

“ I greatly desire to know your decision in regard to the proposed measure; the more so, because we are convinced that it will be impossible for the present relations between the Board of Indian Commissioners and the Interior Department and the Indian Office—so far at least as the original members are concerned—much longer to continue.

“ Should Congress continue the Board with the duty of supervising all accounts and contracts of the Indian Office, and make its decisions final, the engagements of the members of the Board would hardly permit them to accept the duty. On the other hand, should the duty be imposed with no more power added than exists under the present law, they will hardly consent to continue a service which seems to them as vexatious and arduous as it is ineffective in the correction of abuses.”

The President acknowledged his inability to accomplish this, much as he desired it, and Mr. Brunot prepared a letter of resignation which was promptly signed by all the old members of the Board—Mr. Brunot, Mr. Campbell, Dr. Bishop, Mr. Dodge, Mr. Farwell, and Mr. Stuart. “ We cannot take this step,” Mr. Brunot said to the President, “ without expressing our warm appreciation of the high motives which

have actuated you in the line of policy for the treatment of the Indian tribes . . . and of your faithful and persistent adherence to that policy, through much opposition and in spite of many obstacles. . . . Your policy has attained, by its success and the manifest righteousness of its foundation principles, a position in the judgment of the right-minded people of the country which it is hoped cannot fail to render it permanent; nor can the evil deeds of individuals or small parties of savages, or the necessity which may arise to punish them, condemn the humane and just treatment of the Indians generally, save in the minds of those who, on account of hatred or greed, denounce whatever seems to interfere with their schemes."

Now, what, in a word, was the result of the Board's service for more than five years? Let the answer be in the words of Mr. Cree, the secretary of the Board, who also resigned at this time.

(1) "The Board," writes Mr. Cree, "found the Indian service honeycombed with fraud, from the Indian Office in Washington to the most remote Indian agency, and, as the Board believed, from the head of it to the most unimportant employé. It has become as honest in its management, all things considered, as are other departments of the Government service, and its employés compare favourably with other Government employés. (2) Large sums of money, which were appropriated

year after year, for half a century, for the benefit of the Indians, but which too often went in whole or in part to enrich favourite contractors, are now, and have been for many years, expended to civilise, educate, and Christianise the Indians. (3) Indian wars, with the large sacrifice of life, both of whites and of Indians, have been stopped, and more money has been saved to the Government from their cessation than an honest administration of the Indian service would have cost from its beginning to the present time.* (4) The Indians as a race were doomed to destruction, and the American people as a whole accepted the inevitable. They are now slowly increasing in number, and they have the sympathy of the great mass of the American people in their struggle for civilisation. (5) Laws made for the pro-

* The reader may ask how the somewhat general disaffection of the Sioux, with its consequent war of 1876, so soon followed the resignation of the Board. "There was nothing," writes Mr. Cree, "at that time [1874] in connection with the management of the Sioux to lead any one to expect trouble. [But see Mr. Brunot's assertion on page 221.] Sitting Bull was a chief with whom the Board never had any intercourse. He kept aloof from the friendly Sioux and was always a doubtful factor in Indian affairs." Mr. Cree goes on to explain that Sitting Bull and his followers had been committing depredations and deserved punishment. This previous misbehaviour, however, is to be attributed to the wily persuasions of Sitting Bull, and not to the Sioux as a people. Though, it is true, his force was temporarily augmented by a large number of young braves from the agencies, impelled by Indian ideals, the responsibility for the actual war rests with the Government, which determined to force all Indians at once to their reservations.

tection of the Indians and lands assigned to them by title as binding as any the white man claims for his protection were utterly ignored and disregarded, and soon the Indians as a people would have been left only their graves as a resting-place. While there is still injustice in dealing with the Indians, it is now the exception where it used to be the rule, and the fault is rather in carrying out well-meant legislation than in unjust laws. (6) Indian lands, which at the time the Board took hold of the work were held almost universally in common and were largely unused, are now being rapidly divided up and patented to the Indians in fee simple. With private ownership have come stock-raising, farming, and the ways of civilisation. In short, the Indians, from savages, have very generally become men and women, with the responsibilities and privileges that belong to manhood and womanhood, and the Indian tribes are becoming communities of homes with schools, churches, citizenship, and the amenities of civilised life. The Indians are now producers instead of consumers. (7) The process of education so strongly advocated by the Board is bearing most hopeful fruit, and each year twenty-five thousand Indian young people are in schools enjoying the benefits of education. (8) Six Christian men (and others associated with them), by six years of faithful unpaid services, with no possible benefit to themselves, showed that there were and are men who, prompted by

their love to God and their fellow-men, and by a love of their country and its good name, and a love for a much-abused and uncivilised race, would do what not one of them would have done for money, honours, or the praise of men. They did what they believed was their duty to God, their country, and the Indian race, asking nothing in return except the reward of a good conscience. All honour to the memory of such men."

With this loyal testimony I suppose every one would agree who knew the history of the Board. Other commissioners were appointed, but the Board never had the same important place in Indian affairs, partly because the work done by the original Board was effective and final.

Mr. Brunot never lost his interest in the Indians. He continued to serve their cause long after he ceased to be an officer in their behalf. Articles from his pen appeared from time to time, telling now the history of the Navajos, or again the history of Indian reservations, or still again giving the account of General Garfield's relation to the Flathead Indians. But his most important later work was accomplished in 1876, when it was proposed to turn the Indians over to the War Department. The movement gained strength, owing to the amazing plea of William Welsh in its favour. For Mr. Welsh was certainly a lover of the Indian's cause, and his one voice, added to the avowed enemies of the Indian,

seemed likely to carry the day. As early as January, 1874, Mr. Brunot had written to him: "I was sorry to read in your letter that under any existing or probable circumstances you would be willing to see the Indian department turned over to the military; for this, it seems to me, would be a total abandonment of all hope for the Indians. You say that if I knew all that you do I would be of the same mind. If you knew all that I know from personal observation in many quarters you would sooner cut off your right arm than consent to the change." A little later he wrote to his friend, General Sherman, setting him right about a statement which the general had let fall to the effect that the "Peace Commission" had given the Indians arms. The only arms he had ever given or permitted to be given were two revolvers presented to his friends, Blackfoot and Long Horse, of the Crows, who pleasantly said that they would use them to shoot buffalo and Sioux. Sometimes, as Mr. Brunot waged this war against the proposed measure, he grew quite fiery. In one of his letters he quoted General Sheridan as saying: "I will send a column in from Fort Rice and the mouth of Powder River, one from Fort Ellis down the Yellowstone to the mouth of the Bighorn, and one from Fort Laramie north, etc., and we'll make it lively for the squaws, papooses, ponies, and villages." "What visions of glory," commented Mr. Brunot, "must have floated through the mind of the

general as he penned those words! What visions of glory, when the brave soldiers in the field should flash over the wires their triumphant despatches, 'We have met the squaws, papooses, ponies, and wigwams—and they are ours!'"

In such a vein he wrote till 1876, when it was definitely proposed to turn over the poor Indians to the mercies of the soldiers. Mr. Brunot then wrote an open letter to his friend and colleague, William E. Dodge, of New York, which appeared at once in the leading New York dailies, and through them was brought to the eyes of the general public. Because this letter is unusually significant, I quote it in full:

PITTSBURGH, May 22, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR : One of the religious newspapers I receive, in an editorial last week expressed a change of opinion in regard to the proposed transfer of the Indians to the care of the War Department, and frankly gave as a reason for the change that the transfer of the Indians meets the entire approval of their warm friend, Mr. William Welsh, of Philadelphia. I know of no prominent working friend of the Indians who agrees with Mr. Welsh in his recommendation of the transfer.

The Society of Friends, which has its teachers and civilising agencies with fifteen tribes of Indians, has formally protested against the proposed wrong in the most earnest manner. The Methodist General Conference has protested against "relegating the Indians to the tender mercies of the war powers" as unbecoming a Christian nation. The Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, and, in short, every religious denomination working among the Indians earnestly opposes the transfer, except the Roman Catholics.

The denomination last named has been unceasing in its opposition to the Protestant missions and the agents who have been nominated by the Protestant churches. Only last summer an effort was made by Charles Ewing, the attorney and "Commissioner" of the church in Washington, and Père Brouillet, Vicar General, to have the White Earth Mission and Agency, upon which the Episcopalians have spent more than forty thousand dollars in three years, "taken from Bishop Whipple and given to the Catholic Church." Mr. Ewing is the brother-in-law of General Sherman. A purer man than Bishop Whipple, as you know, does not step the earth. When the Indian service was formerly controlled by the army, Protestant missions to the Indians were rarely, if ever, a success, and civilisation made no progress among them. However many, children or adults, may have been baptized by the faithful Jesuit itinerant missionaries, the Indians still remained blanketed savages. The original Board of Indian Commissioners, with four years of experience, and careful consideration of every aspect of the question, was strenuously opposed to the transfer of the Indians to the War Department, as a measure fruitful of wrong and injustice to the Indians, and of war expenses to the Government. The present board holds similar opinions, which are thus expressed in its late report :

"While we have the highest respect for the ability, courage, and humanity of our military officers, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the men who enlist in the army in time of peace are among the most vicious of our population ; and there is unquestionable and abundant evidence, as may be seen by the correspondence published herewith, that wherever the latter are brought into close contact with the Indians, the debauchery of the women and the demoralisation of the men inevitably follow. If the army is given the charge of the Indians, the camp and the agency will be in close proximity, and bad results

are certain to follow. In addition to this, it is worthy of consideration that military rule is everywhere, and in the nature of the case must be, arbitrary. Under its supremacy, force will be brought to bear upon the Indians; this will beget resistance and end in war; and war will, of course, though white men are slain, destroy the Indian. It can hardly be a question with thoughtful men, whether it is not better to educate the Indians, to build houses and schools and churches for them, to teach them to cultivate the soil and acquire useful trades, to civilise and Christianise them, than to hand them over to a government that would feel no interest in, and make no efforts for, the advancement of those whom it governed; a government which is opposed to the genius of liberty and the progress of the race. We cannot see any benefit whatever that is likely, or even possible, to result from relegating the care of the Indians to the army. The army is admirable in its place, but its function is not that of civil government in a Republic like ours."

I am fully convinced that the transfer would not be in the interest, either of justice, economy, humanity, civilisation, Christianity, or even honesty of administration. As the limit of even a long letter will not contain a tithe of the facts and arguments which could be adduced in support of this conviction, a few must suffice.

Adopting the classification of Gen. F. A. Walker, who was Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1872, and had every one's confidence, we learn that there are three hundred thousand Indians in the United States, and of these ninety-five thousand are civilised, one hundred and twenty-five thousand semi-civilised, and only seventy-five thousand wholly barbarous. Classifying them in their relations to the Government, there are one hundred and fifty thousand who remain constantly on their reservations under complete control of their agents; ninety-five thousand who roam hunting and fishing, returning to their agencies at

intervals, and fifty-five thousand who do not visit agencies, "but most of whom are inoffensive and commit no acts of hostility against the Government." The class last named has been much reduced by the collection of many of its number at the Red Cloud Agency, since established, and by the subjection of the Arizona Apaches. From these figures it will be seen that if military government of the Indians is desirable in any case, the condition of more than three-fourths of their number is such as to render it undesirable and unnecessary for them. This plain inference from General Walker's statement is converted into an incontrovertible fact by an examination of the reports of the various agencies, which show that even the occasional aid of the military is not needed either for the control or the protection of a sixth part of the Indians of the United States. In those cases where the military are present for the protection of the Indian, there is no more propriety in making them their governors than there would be in making them execute the civil offices over the whites they protect in other parts of the frontier.

There is a mistaken impression in the public mind that wherever there is an Indian agency there is a military post, and vice versa, and hence that the soldiers, being on the ground, could perform the agency duties as well as not. There are seventy-seven Indian agencies, mostly on reservations, and of these more than fifty are from twenty to two hundred miles distant from any post or military camp. Twenty are from one hundred to two hundred or more miles distant, and at least twelve from fifty to one hundred miles off. In Oregon there are six agencies, only one of which is near a military post, and in Washington Territory there are eight agencies and two military posts, only one of which is in the vicinity of the Indians. From these facts it will be seen that the argument of economy, based upon the supposition that the army is conveniently located for the management of the Indians, is not sustained by the

facts in the case. Shall we remove the military posts and camps to the reservations? or will you remove the Indians to the posts? The cost of either experiment would cause the past expenses of the Indian service to shrink into insignificance before the opening outlays of the new régime. If it is merely proposed to detach army officers from the posts to perform the duties of agents, I reply that any one acquainted with the nature of those duties must be aware that the agent can have time for nothing else, and if there are enough superfluous officers of a proper rank who can be spared from the posts to perform them, the army needs to be reduced. In this there would be economy. The force of employés at an agency will be the same whether under an officer of the army or under a civilian. Teachers, farmers, blacksmiths, millers, and others are stipulated for in the treaties, and neither officers nor soldiers are fitted for such positions. Even at the military posts the herders, teamsters, builders, hay-makers, wood-cutters, and others, are civilian employés, and it is simply nonsense to say that the similar labour of the agencies could be done by the soldiers. The question of direct economy resolves itself into that of the relative cost in pay and rations of a captain or an Indian agent. A petty feature is this, indeed, relatively to the greater aspects of the subject; but it is this erroneous idea that the army is on the spot, has plenty of men and leisure, and can perform the duties at the Indian agencies as well as not, which has chiefly been urged in favour of the transfer.

As to the indirect economy, the records, both civil and military, abound with facts in evidence of what we may expect from military rule. The Peace Commission of 1867, which comprised in its membership Generals Sherman, Harney, Augur, and Terry, declared that nearly all our wars with Indians have been the result of our uniform injustice to them, and in the same report showed that many of them result from the injustice or indiscretion of military

officers. The Navajo war of 1862-3, the Sioux war of 1862, and the Cheyenne war of 1864, which together cost probably seventy-five millions of dollars, the lives of many soldiers and settlers, and the devastation of the border settlements, are cases in point. The most thorough, searching, and exhaustive investigation of Indian affairs ever made was that of the joint committee of Congress, headed by Senator Doolittle, in 1867. Said that committee in its report :

“ While it is true many agents and employés of the Government are inefficient, faithless, and even guilty of peculations and fraudulent practices upon the Government and upon the Indians, it is equally true that military posts among the Indians have frequently become centres of demoralisation and destruction to the Indian tribes, while the blunders and want of discretion of inexperienced officers in command have brought on long and expensive wars, the cost of which, being included in the expenditures of the army, are never seen and realised by the people of the country.”

No one can go through the five hundred and twenty-six pages of testimony which accompanies the report without feeling that these words but mildly state the case. The peace policy of President Grant was not yet conceived when that report was made. Under its just and beneficent principles very many of the agencies have been judiciously and honestly administered, and the Indians have made rapid progress in Christian civilisation. There have been, and are yet, some dishonest agents and unconquered rings, but as a whole the peace policy is demonstrably a success. It is not responsible for bad men or swindling contractors, any more than our system of Republican Government is responsible for the crimes and peculations of its unfaithful public servants. From the report of the Board of Indian Commissioners for 1875 I cite a few facts in proof of the success of the peace policy, and to show that to abandon

it would be both folly and wickedness. In the Central Superintendency—one of the two in charge of the Society of Friends—there are about sixteen thousand Indians, comprising fifteen tribes and parts of tribes. Says the report:

“In 1868 these Indians had only five schools, with one hundred and five pupils, and in 1875 there were fifteen schools, with eight hundred and thirty-six pupils. There were no Sabbath-schools; in 1875 there were fifteen. In 1868 there were no houses reported as owned and occupied by them, and in 1875 they owned and occupied one thousand and forty-two houses.”

In 1875 these Indians cultivated fourteen thousand, four hundred and nine acres of land, raised three hundred and twenty thousand, five hundred bushels of corn, twenty-eight thousand and thirty-two bushels of wheat, twenty-nine thousand, one hundred and two bushels of potatoes, cut four thousand, nine hundred and ninety-six tons of hay, and their cattle had increased from six hundred and forty head in 1868 to six thousand, five hundred and eighty in 1875. The Indians of the Northern Superintendency, numbering seven thousand, five hundred, have advanced in a similar proportion; they are also under the Society of Friends. It is to be observed that the civilised tribes of the Indian Territory are not included in these figures. Yakama Indians, at their agency in Washington Territory, number three thousand, five hundred. When their present agent went among them they lived on roots and fish and wore skins and blankets. Three-fourths of their number now adopt the costume and habits of civilisation, have good houses and church buildings, ten thousand acres of land under fence and four thousand acres in cultivation; five hundred are members of the Methodist Church, and two hundred and fifty have been taught to read and write and have some knowledge of arithmetic and geography. These cases cited are not isolated cases; they are but examples of what the peace policy has effected in many other parts of

the field. The statistics of the notably successful missions of the Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches in Minnesota and Wisconsin, the Nez Percés, Western Shoshones, Umatillas, Warm Springs, and other Indians on the Pacific slope, would give similar confirmation of its success.

The policy of peace and justice and Christian civilisation for the Indians is not a failure, and to abandon it would be the crowning disgrace of a year which has already too many dark entries upon its record. It has been vilified from its inception by the haters of the principles involved in its name ; by the haters of the President who gave it vitality ; by thieves, land sharks, and contractors, with whose schemes of plunder it interfered ; by place-hunters, and by place-dispensing politicians whose patronage it diminished. In spite of this it has done all and more than its friends predicted. No man, in the face of such facts as have been adduced, can rightly pronounce it a failure. Nor should the current effort to force a war upon a single tribe—the Sioux—to rob them of treaty rights which were authoritatively contracted to them by General Sherman and his colleagues, and solemnly confirmed to them by the Senate of the United States scarcely eight years ago—be deemed a failure of the peace policy. It is the deliberately planned work of the enemies of that policy. It is a bad and treacherous act, which in due time will take its place in the long list of the nation's crimes against the red man.

Very truly your friend,

FELIX R. BRUNOT.

Hon. WILLIAM E. DODGE, New York.

“ You do not know with what interest,” Bishop Whipple wrote several months later, “ I read your hearty, warm words. . . . I think your manly letter at the time Mr. Welsh was

disposed to turn our Indians over to the army prevented it."

A leading journalist of New York,* a stranger to Mr. Brunot, wrote in his paper: "It is not too much to say that Mr. Brunot has rendered the Indians more faithful and gratuitous service than any other American citizen. Well would it be for the 'wards of the nation' if he and men of like mind could always supervise their interests." And a year later his friend, William Welsh, wrote playfully: "If Bishop Hare is elected an Eastern bishop to-day, will you refuse the office of Bishop to the Indians?" But whatever we may think of the estimate which a quarter century ago friends and strangers put upon his work for the Indians, it is clear to-day that it was the great work of Mr. Brunot's life.

Should the reader suspect kindness or sentiment in these estimates, he must remind himself of certain facts. Mr. Brunot had a clear vision how the Indian question could be met, by making an Indian Department quite free of the Interior Department. Could his plan for a Secretary for the Indians, who should be the peer of the members of the President's cabinet, have been carried out as he and General Grant desired, the Indian problem had long ago been solved. By his own experience he knew that the already overburdened Department of the Interior could not manage so delicate a problem.

* Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.

The old way, he showed, was not more unjust to the Indian than to the Government; for it was extravagantly costly. It was only because unscrupulous politicians blocked the path that Mr. Brunot's great suggestion was not accepted.

But think what he did accomplish. He first brought the Government to the point where a treaty with the Indians was respected. He first brought the Indians to the point where they began to become individual owners of their lands, and to have homes. He first effectively uncovered the devices by which money assigned to the Indians went to thieves who called themselves agents or statesmen; since his day money voted for Indians has, generally, been used for them. Moreover, because he gave the Indians confidence in his sincerity and because he gave the Government shame and wisdom, the passing of the Indian wars was assured. One must remember, too, how he defended the peace policy against all protesters; and if one does have a lingering hope of what the War Department might do, let the letter to Mr. Dodge be read once more. It can be said with confidence that it is due to Mr. Brunot, with the help of his colleagues, that the peace policy has all these years been maintained. Finally, we may trace to his great influence the beginning of the conviction that the Indian's place in the world is established.

Book IV

THE AFTERNOON AND THE EVENING

“ Grow old along with me !
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made :
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, ‘ A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half ; trust God : see all nor be afraid ! ’ ”

CHAPTER I

VERONA

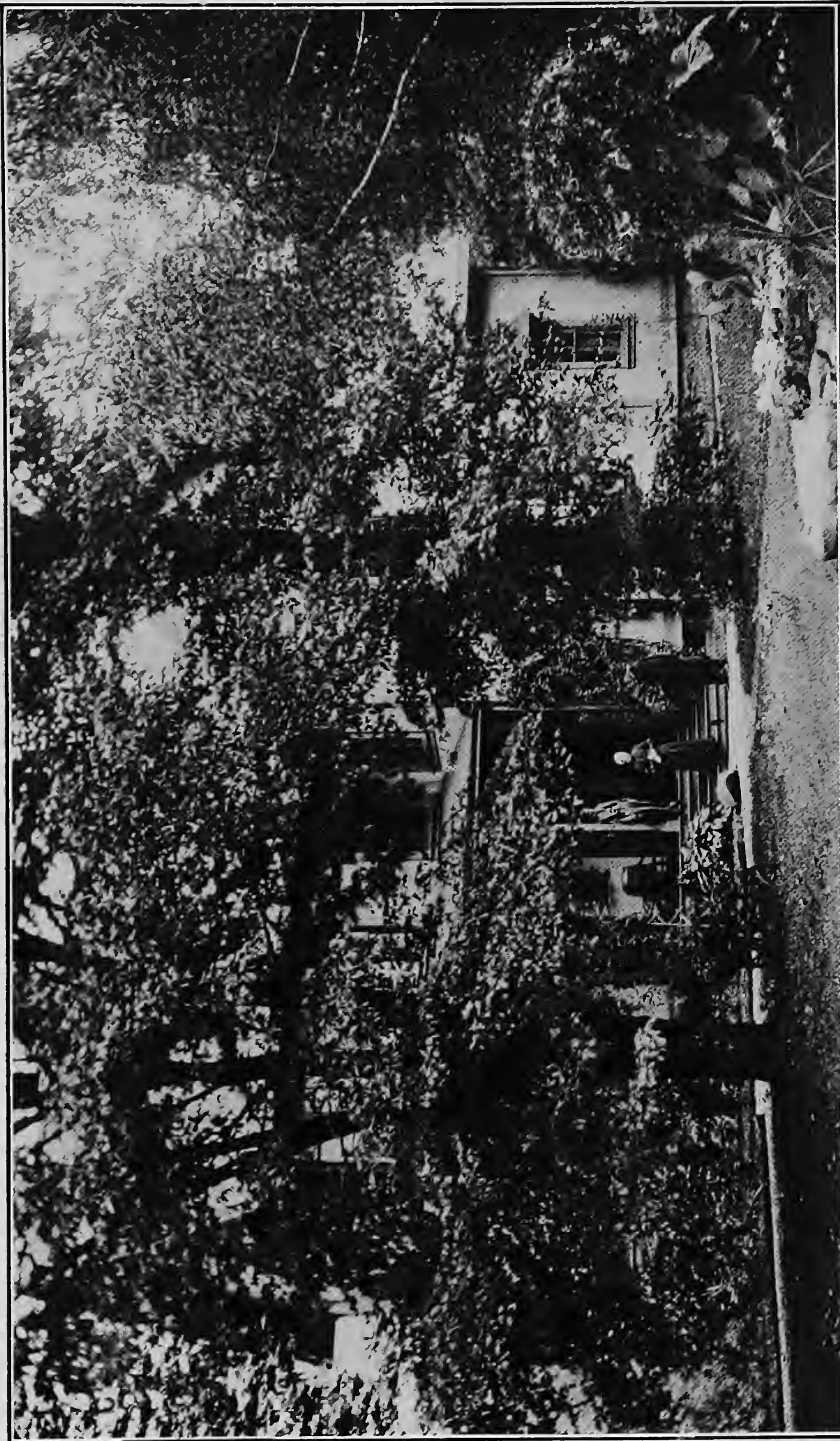
FOR twenty-five years Mr. and Mrs. Brunot spent their summers, as a rule, at Bedford Springs, though two summers were passed at Saratoga, and there was much journeying to and fro besides. Added to the journeys mentioned in earlier chapters, there were days among the White Mountains or among the hills of Vermont or on the shores of Lake George; again there was nearly a whole summer at Marquette, and many a journey into Canada, where once when at Toronto they heard the first message over the cable from the Queen, and where Quebec attracted them most of all. One romantic carriage drive they took into Virginia with their own horses, whereby they came to Weir's Cave just as the Dunkards were finishing a three days' "Consideration." "And what do you suppose," Mrs. Brunot used to say, "was the subject of it all? It was whether it were a deadly sin to have lightning-rods on their houses!"

Now and then a winter was spent in whole or in part away from home, once in Florida, once

at Asheville, twice at Fortress Monroe; and often a spring became less dreary at Lakewood or Atlantic City.

After the Indian expeditions, however, the journeys became less frequent, and a chief reason for this was the purchase, in 1870, of a large farm in Verona, among the hills which look down upon the Allegheny, twelve miles north of Pittsburgh. By gradual planning the rough farmland was converted into a noble estate, with a simple house in the heart of fine old trees and undulating lawns and roadways bordered with favourite flowers. Not till 1873 could they spend their summers here, but from then till the end they were at Verona from May till October, and how they loved it no pen can tell. Mr. Brunot planted many of the trees which he saw grow to full maturity, and a graceful fountain he built with the help of his trusted David, who was his loving servant for more than thirty years. This fountain was a picturesque mass of irregular stone, whose nooks and crannies were filled with ferns and vines, and past which one looked through an opened vista to the Allegheny and its opposing hills. Then there was a path which led to an arbour on the brow of the hill, whence one looked down upon the little hamlet of Verona, with the Allegheny flowing peacefully beyond. There was also a path to a shaded rock, where children loved to go for a drink at the cool spring. And beyond the stable was a garden

The Country House at Verona



filled with all manner of fruits and vegetables. It was all as simple as it was beautiful.

There were guests at Verona always, and beside the friends who came for a week or so, there were those who came out from the hot and dirty city for the day. These visitors, who came to spend the day, were of all grades of society, eating with the family or with the servants, as, in their station, they would be more comfortable. And when they went home David brought them a basket of fruit from the garden, and Mrs. Brunot gathered a bunch of flowers.

The relation of Mr. and Mrs. Brunot to their servants was always interesting. Each morning before breakfast the coachman's children came up from the lodge, and were in the dining-room when the family came in, to take part in family prayers, each member of the household reading a verse of the chapter in turn. After prayers, the children stood before Mrs. Brunot, and she asked them to tell her the chapter they had just read, and in their own simple words they told it. Then she asked them, one by one, to give her the verse of the hymn for the day, after which they said together the verses they had learned before. One morning, when Bishop Whitaker happened to be there, he was so delighted with the two boys that he jumped from his seat and put a hand on the shoulder of each, and then looking down into their eyes, told them how glad he was to know them. No visitor to the

house could ever forget the scene; for these children had come up to Mr. Brunot's dining-room in town or country ever since their babyhood days, and so it was for them the most natural thing in the world. There was neither embarrassment nor affectation. And as they were about to go off, and the family were sitting down to breakfast, they would take the letters to be posted, or ask Mr. Brunot if they might go on some excursion, since their father, they said, had left it to Mr. Brunot whether it would be proper for them to go. Or, if it chanced to be Independence Day, Mrs. Brunot gave each of them a quarter dollar, telling them quaintly that she deemed firecrackers a waste of money, but they could do as they pleased.

Sunday afternoon the children came up again, and Mrs. Brunot read to them from a story-book which she had carefully selected, taking first a boy's story, and then a girl's. Once more no guest of the household ever liked to miss this Sunday afternoon with the children, and most of the guests joined the children in saying a verse and in singing the hymns after the reading. It was a religious atmosphere, as wholesome as it was delightful.

Through the day, busy as it was, there was always the opportunity for long talks, and with their wide and varied interests Mr. and Mrs. Brunot could talk of all the world as if it were home to them. Almost every post brought a

letter from a friend or a missionary in some far-away country, which was read aloud and discussed. Then there were the appeals from all sorts and conditions, none of which was ever neglected, perplexing as it might be to discover its merits. A train from town was apt to bring a niece or a nephew for dinner, and all nephews and nieces were as sons and daughters in the Verona home. Just what the relationship to them was is shown more clearly by a single letter than by any words of analysis.

" Dear Uncle :

" Mama wants me to write and ask you if you wanted a dog we have a Gray-hounded which is not as pretty as Fan but has been very much admired he is about six month's old. You must excuse my paper but all of my good shets are gone.

" School is going to begin Monday next and I am sorry.

" The hens dont lay one egg Mama says they are on a strike.

" I am afraid we are going to have a wet day altho we nede the water bad I am sorry to have the fine weather brake up.

" Saturday there was a girl up here that had never been on a horse before and she got on one that was not vary tame at most and so I thought I had better get on behind her so if she got in a very bad fix I mite help her so I did several times and she could no more guide a horse than fly so I put the horse in a esy trot or a little more and she began to hollow at the top of her voice if it had an end which I think is doubtful at last she began to sway back and forth first almost falling off one side of the horse and then at the other she jumped around so I could not reach

around to catch hold of the reins till at last she threw me off of the other side of the horse and as I was holding on to her I pulled her on top of me Sunday I crawled around a little Monday I limped around and Tuesday I went to town.

"We enjoyed the ducks you sent up very much and had them for Sunday dinner. We have a new minister and think we will like him very much.

"If I show this letter Mamma or the girls they will laugh at the speling so I will seal it up and direct it myself. Give my love to Auntie and Uncle N. Your loving Nece."

What a story of love for children that letter shows! The little girl was sure that every detail of her life would interest the uncle to whom she wrote, and she was not mistaken, for it has been carefully folded away in one of his desks these thirty years.

Often of a morning or an afternoon Mr. Brunot would be running into town on business, and Mrs. Brunot would often go to preside at one of her many associations. Then Mrs. Brunot always carried a great bunch of flowers, which she was apt to give to some forsaken girl in the desolate Pittsburgh station. Almost always one or both of them came home with some story of a life with which for a moment they had come in contact, and into which they had brought, by some means, a ray of sunlight.

In the twilight of evening they would sit on the south porch, listening to the splashing of the fountain, and, through the trees, watching

the distant Allegheny on its way to the Ohio. When it was quite dark they would go in, to be joined by the servants for evening prayers, followed sometimes by a few hymns. Then all would go to bed except Mr. Brunot, who loved to read far into the night, but Mrs. Brunot would give him a short candle which would burn to the socket before midnight, that he might not altogether forget the lapse of time. And if the candle did not burn out as soon as it ought, the wakeful guest might hear a gentle voice at the stairs, “*Do* come to bed, dear.” In a moment there was a step on the stair, a door was closed, and all was silent.

CHAPTER II

LATER PATRIOTIC AND BENEVOLENT WORKS

IN a life so filled as Mr. Brunot's with all kinds of good works, it is obviously impossible to speak of all. A few, however, may be singled out to show his spirit.

I

A movement that had his loyal support from the first was the National Reform Association, which aimed to secure a religious amendment to the Constitution, in order that all Christian laws, institutions, and usages might be "on an undeniably legal basis in the fundamental law of the land." The first convention met in Philadelphia in 1870, and from that time, by speech and by pen, he pleaded for the amendment. In 1873 he succeeded Justice Strong, of the Supreme Court of the United States, as President of the Association, and continued to hold the position for nearly a quarter century. In a minute adopted at his death, the Executive Committee said that "he rendered invaluable service to the cause, presiding at many of its important conventions

and at the business meetings of its Executive Committee, and making large contributions for carrying on its work. His addresses at the conventions were of the style of Washington's state papers, calm, thoughtful, and full of intense patriotism."

It may be interesting to quote here and there from these addresses. At the convention of 1870, Mr. Brunot quoted some one who said it was unfortunate that the amendment was not pushed before the reconstruction, since all the Southern States would oppose it. "He is mistaken," said Mr. Brunot; "when the Confederates remodelled our Constitution and adopted it 'unanimously,' they had amended the preamble by inserting after the word 'posterity' the words '*and invoking the favour and guidance of Almighty God.*' I honoured them for that. I felt that in their wise acknowledgment of their dependence upon the God of Nations and of battles in their fundamental declaration of nationality, they had the advantage of us. When they shall have rallied around the Constitution in the Union, they will surely favour the amendment which they themselves unanimously adopted when untrammelled and uncoerced. And shall we of the North—the people who of all the peoples of the world have most cause to be grateful for His goodness—hold back? God forbid!"

At the convention of 1873, as he was taking the chair, he alluded to the admiration which

people must feel for the Constitution. "But," he added, "no human work was ever absolutely perfect at its origin; neither was the Constitution of the United States. The great men who formed it recognised this fact in providing for its amendment, and amendments have already been made, the wisdom of which few will gainsay. There is hardly an educated man in America to-day who could not frame a simple clause, which, had it been originally inserted in that Constitution devised to 'establish justice and promote domestic tranquillity,' would have saved the nation from a deluge of blood, and her coffers an argosy of treasure. It is no slur upon the fathers of the Constitution that this was not done by them. But the omission and the result serve to illustrate the fallibility of the highest type of human wisdom, and will suggest to the most common mind that the work of the Convention of 1787 was not perfect.

"That skepticism pervaded the minds of the leading statesmen of the day is undeniable. Its malign influence upon the deliberations of the convention become painfully apparent when we read that the proposition of Dr. Franklin that 'prayers imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessing upon our deliberations, be held in this assembly,' received but few affirmative votes.

"Their political, literary, and social relations with France were of the closest character, and

the atmosphere of France was breathed by our statesmen. Her great infidel writers were then sowing the wind which seemed to that people the very breath of liberty. It grew into the whirlwind of the French Revolution. The framers of our Constitution felt the breeze, but knew not of the storm. We have seen the storm, and the awful record of it stands to our warning." A little later in his address he sums up his contention:

"If, then, Almighty God is the source of all political power; if the individual man is bound to acknowledge his dependence on God; if the State is a personality with obligations, responsibilities, and duties; if the acknowledgment of these facts is in accordance with the general prevalent practice of the Government of the United States; if it has always accorded with the spirit and conscience of the nation and the people; if we are a Christian people—let us say so." And then as he finishes, he meets the objection that the amendment limits the liberty of the people. "I would," he says, "give my body to be burned sooner than aid to take away from the Constitution its guarantee of freedom of conscience in religion."

In his opening address the next year at Pittsburgh, where there were over a thousand delegates, he speaks at length upon the freedom of the amendment. "To Christianity," he says, "and to Christianity alone, is the world of the

nineteenth century indebted for religious liberty. Destroy this, and you destroy Christianity. Destroy Christianity, and you destroy religious liberty. God forbid that any under our banners should desire this, and God forgive and enlighten those who charge us with intending such a crime.

“No nation ever existed without a religion, and the religion of our nation is Christian. Her laws are founded upon the principles of Christian morality as contra-distinguished from natural morality, revealed religion as the opposite of natural religion. The ultimate written source from which their principles are derived is the Bible. The written laws and common law are in accordance with the religion of the people. They are Christian, and we have no other laws, save the Constitution, the supreme law, which stands as the infallible test and rule of construction.”

This same year he addressed a letter to a local convention held in Boston, and the letter was deemed so important that it was copied in many journals throughout the country.

In 1875, Mr. Brunot wrote three articles on The Work of the Fathers of the Republic, and in 1878 he wrote an exhaustive article on Dr. Franklin's Speech and Resolution for Prayer in the Federal Convention, in which he cited all the sources for his careful information. All these articles had a wide reading, and the enthusiasm for them was not confined to those who

wished a new amendment of the Constitution. It was a great matter to have an accurate compilation from original sources, showing the deep religious sense that had pervaded the leaders of the nation. These papers glowed with an intelligent patriotism which was contagious. Whether the "religious amendment" is necessary may still be an open question; that it is the hope of America that men like Mr. Brunot see clearly the Christian basis of our national life, is absolutely certain for all time.

II

Another national movement that greatly interested Mr. Brunot was the Evangelical Alliance. He was founder and president of the Pittsburgh branch, and presided at the national convention which met in Pittsburgh in 1875. He looked upon the Alliance as the best available means to band Christian men together for certain public measures. "Never," he said in his Pittsburgh speech, "save under the ægis of Protestant Christianity has absolute freedom of conscience existed, and upon Protestant Christianity rests the responsibility for its perpetuation. The protecting framework of this principle of the Gospel of Christ is our Christian government, with its Christian usages and laws founded on the principles of Christianity. This is the blessed charge we have to keep; and when the hand of State or

Church, of infidel organisation, or unchristian corporation, shall be stretched out for destruction of our Sunday, our public schools, our free Bible, or our Christian laws; woe be to the Evangelical Alliance if its powerful voice shall not be heard and its strong arm raised in arrest of the sacrilegious attempt. The Evangelical Alliance can have no concern with questions of administration, of finance, of revenue, or of the ordinary political measures of government; but it becomes its constituent elements to see eye to eye, and stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of the Christian Sunday, Christian marriage, and Christian education." He also presided at the international meeting of the Alliance held in Philadelphia, when the Dean of Canterbury opened the devotions by reading Psalm cxxxiii. Mr. Brunot was deeply impressed with the possibility of Christian unity, and saw in the Alliance a foreshadowing of that possibility. "When," he said at this meeting, "I accepted the honourable duty which the committee imposed upon me, of presiding at this meeting, I did not fully realise what I had agreed to do. What wonder, then, that, standing before this great assemblage of Christians from every clime, I should speak with faltering lips and hesitating tongue? And yet, great as is this assemblage of the Evangelical Alliance of the world, how it fades into insignificance before the grander thought which has prompted your coming here. In yonder harbour

the ships from all lands are noble and beautiful, and yet what are they when you carry your mind from the work of men, beautiful as it is, to the grander work of God, over which His winds have wafted these ships in safety? So it is when we go to the moving idea of this great assembly; it is to realise the millennium, as far as human means can do it, in the union of all Christians in advancing the one main object, the glory of Christ. It is for this we are here. Let us not forget it in our assembling; let us not forget it in our parting, and although we do come from different lands, let us not forget that we have one country, one land, one home, which is common to us all."

Once more, it is an open question whether such loose organisations as the Evangelical Alliance really promote the cause of Christian unity, but it is such a zeal as Mr. Brunot's that shall at last make Christian unity a reality.

III

Mr. Brunot was also much interested in the Young Men's Christian Association, both in Pittsburgh and throughout the country. From the time of its organisation in Pittsburgh, he was one of the largest contributors for its support, and was from 1881 a trustee. Besides, he went often to the great conventions, where he was a favourite speaker. In May, 1875, the Conven-

tion met in Richmond, and was notable as the first convention held in a Southern State after the war. Through the enthusiastic rashness of some very young men sectional topics came up; and when a storm seemed certain, "Mr. Brunot, in his calm and impressive way, made a well-considered speech which carried the convention to safer ground." How vital he believed this work for young men is shown by the fact that he left the Pittsburgh Association ten thousand dollars in his will, in addition to constant gifts during his life.

Mr. Brunot was strongly enlisted in two reforms—one for the keeping of Sunday and the other for temperance. On both these questions he wrote and spoke frequently, and with the same cautious and judicious fairness which characterised his words always, however earnest he was. But perhaps nothing is so eloquent as this simple note:

"Dear Sir :

"In reply to your favour of the 16th inst. asking if I am willing to rent the vacant store on Main Street for a saloon, I have to say that I cannot consent to allow any property I control to be used for that purpose."

And that is the end of the letter. So, too, in the Sunday question his work was practical, for he arranged that a band of influential citizens should request the new mayor to maintain the Sunday laws. But he recognised that the highest

motive in either reform must be the forming of a strict and respectable public opinion in the community.

Time would fail to tell of the various works of mercy over which he presided. Nothing that needed a helping hand looked to him in vain. Now he was presiding over a great mass-meeting for "Free Italy"; now he was founding a free dispensary in Pittsburgh; now he was planning some advance for the three hospitals* of the community with which he was connected; now he was giving a new apparatus to the chemical laboratory of the Western University, of which he was a trustee; now he was starting for Toronto to meet the Association for Prison Reform; now he was joining with his friends, William Thaw and James Hanna, to make the Western Seaman's Friend Society more efficient by a large new property. Of this society Mr. Brunot was president for many years, and to show his interest he often dined at the "Home," which was a sort of coöperative inn. Once during a Methodist Conference, a coloured clergyman had been quartered in the "Home," and three young men who had been seated with him at breakfast told the superintendent at noon that they must not be put at a table with a "nigger," or they would leave. While the dispute was at white heat, Mr. Brunot came in and inquired what was the matter. Then he asked to be introduced to

* West Penn, Dixmont, and Allegheny General Hospitals.

the coloured man, and, taking him by the arm, conducted him through the dining-room to his own seat. The young men, who were strangers in town, and who had supposed that Mr. Brunot by his appearance must be at least an English nobleman visiting our benevolent institutions, were so much chagrined that they apologised forthwith.

What Mr. Brunot's presence meant at any public gathering in Pittsburgh in those days is readily seen by reference to any file of the daily press. There is always the record of unusual and prolonged applause, which indicates not only courtesy, but a real affection for the man. And how thoroughly his leadership was recognised is shown by the lavish number of associations and meetings over which he was invited to preside. There is no doubt that whatever titles his modesty led him to disclaim, there is one title which he could not disown: he was certainly the first citizen of Pittsburgh.

CHAPTER III

THE LONG SHADOW

VIGOROUSLY as Mr. Brunot lived, the thought of death was often present in these last twenty-five years. He had been too near death himself several times to allow the thought to be unfamiliar. Moreover, the death of his father and mother in 1872 and 1873 had been a severe blow to him. I have already spoken of the filial affection by which, all through life, Mr. Brunot sat at his mother's table at the midday dinner. And how close he was to his father is shown by the record of his father's last hour. "As I held his hand," the son wrote, "after the family farewell, I said, 'It is almost over; in a few hours we must part. Do you still think you are prepared to go?' 'I think so,' he said; then with a look of intense earnestness, 'I *know* so.' And these words, consistent with his faith in Christ, were the last he spoke."

A few years after this he was called to the funeral of a busy friend who had died in the midst of his toil. Mr. Brunot was so impressed that when he went home he wrote these verses:

I am hammering at the anvil,
 I am holding at the plough ;
 O Death ! I hear your summons,
 But I cannot heed it now ;
 Know you not that stocks are rising ?
 See you not I'm pushing on—
 Buying, building, scheming, thriving—
 Half my life-work not yet done ?

Day by day the spikes are driven,
 Day by day the rails go down ;
 When the work and worry's ended,
 Mine the riches and renown ;
 Then—but waiting for the grasping—
 Civic honours loom before ;
 I must win them,—when I wear them,
 Death, I'll drop the labouring oar.

No ! I cannot heed your summons.
 See you not I've work to do ?
 When my threescore years are over,
 Then, O Death, I'll think of you ;
 Then, I'll listen to your calling,
 Rid my soul of every load ;
 Gird me ready for the journey,
 Trim my lamps, and mark the road.

Lightly, then, I'll reach the river,
 Stoutly breast the rolling tide,—
 Oh ! give time, to face the Judgment,
 Waiting on the other side !
 When—Ah ! how your bony fingers
 Strain my heart-strings, chill my brow—
 DEATH ! O grasp me not so tightly—
 Wait until—

Death answers—Now !

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Grant, O God, may *I* be ready
When Thy messenger shall come,
Though the iron still be shapeless,
Though the plough be in the loam ;
Whatsoever my earthly losses,
Whatsoever life's blessings be,
May my triumphs, and my crosses,
Bring me nearer, Lord, to Thee.

Thou canst make the awful summons
Angels' whispers to mine ear ;
Chilling blood and breaking heart-strings
Thrills of joy, if Thou art near !
Waiting, working, praying, hoping,
While the shadows creep apace ;
Clinging *to* Thee—resting *on* Thee,
Death is but Thy crowning grace.

Every fall, during October and November, Mr. Brunot was wont to go to his club house at Winnow's Point (near Toledo), for a few weeks' fishing and duck-shooting. One stormy November day in 1884 he alone left the club house, for the rest did not love the duck-shooting sufficiently to brave the storm. There are many islands near the shore about Winnow's Point, and as he went between two of these, the wind struck his boat with such violence that he knew it could not endure the storm. So he jumped out. He was a fine swimmer, but his pockets were weighted down with ammunition, and the rubber boots which were strapped to his thighs filled with water. It seemed as if he must give up the struggle, for, in addition to all the rest, the

water was icy cold and was chilling him through and through. Fortunately, after two hours, the punter who had gone to pick up the ducks, saw an empty boat float by, and came back. He carried Mr. Brunot to one of the islands, where he laid him on some boards till he could get help. Mr. Brunot was already benumbed, and the wind blowing on his wet clothes added to his exposure. At last, nearly dead, he was brought back to the club house, and his friends worked over him to restore him. He went home with a severe cough, but Mrs. Brunot knew nothing of the catastrophe till the following Easter-Even. Then when Mrs. Brunot suggested that they should give a thank-offering on Easter-Day, he cheerfully assented, and told her the great cause of thanksgiving in his marvellous escape. So they gave a thank-offering of ten thousand dollars for missions throughout the world that Easter-Day.

It was an escape from sudden death. But it was the beginning of a lingering death which was to last for more than thirteen years. The paralysis which entered the door of his strong frame that cold November day was to creep gradually and slowly on, till it had conquered all but his invincible spirit.

CHAPTER IV

MRS. BRUNOT'S WORKS OF MERCY

MRS. BRUNOT always shared Mr. Brunot's work, and after the beginning of his long illness she did all she could to maintain the various interests for which he would have toiled had he been able. But in addition to all this, Mrs. Brunot had independent work of her own; in which, however, Mr. Brunot always heartily co-operated. Never, certainly, were two lives more closely bound together. One Easter Mrs. Brunot laid a bright Easter card on Mr. Brunot's plate at breakfast. "He was so grieved," Mrs. Brunot afterwards wrote, "that he could find none to please himself for me; and he took his card to his room and wrote these sweet lines on the back of the card:

"Take back the picture, with my poor refrain—
(The pretty card I found upon my plate);
'Twas yours, 'tis mine, 'twas mine, 'tis yours again,
Love's Easter greeting, *yours and mine*, my mate.

"The gilded thorn stems twisted to a cross
Leafless and bare, but wreathed in living flowers,
Tell of life's story with its pain, its loss,
Its weary moments and its golden hours.

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“ O Lord of life ! thy servants teach to live,
So near the Cross our dying song shall be,—
In the sweet hope Thy love alone can give,—
The Easter song of triumph learned of Thee.”

These quickly written verses tell the long story of their single-hearted life together. And the story could be told in many forms; as, for instance, when Mrs. Brunot wrote playfully to him: “ I *personally* helped to clean your room, and at night did take so much comfort in seeing all so nice, and a nice drop light just made to fit your chandelier; so I do hope you will have more comfort in reading. But I did not destroy a paper, and tried to put everything just where it was. Certainly love for you is the only incentive to such a hard job.” At another time there is this characteristic note in her journal: “ This is our silver wedding-day—how many mercies to be thankful for! Twenty-five years of outward prosperity with a good, kind husband of whom I am, I fear, proud.”

The story of Mrs. Brunot's special work shall be told by her dear friend, Mrs. Ormsby Phillips, who was her neighbour and associate for many years.

“ It is not an easy matter,” writes Mrs. Phillips, “ to tell of all the good works in which my friend, Mrs. Brunot, was interested. Much of the charitable work done for the last forty years in Pittsburgh and Allegheny owes its inspiration to her hearty sympathy and timely aid, and the

The South Porch at Verona



knowledge of what she has done has been a stimulus, not only in America, but also in foreign lands. She was a member of the State Board of Charities, and as such was brought in contact with men who are accustomed to deal with problems of social and moral import. A devoted member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, she saw the opportunity of furthering the cause of missions by the women of the Church, and in 1880 she lent her influence to the founding of the Pittsburgh branch of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions, and for some years she was its active secretary. Through the Auxiliary it was her delight to contribute largely of her wealth to missions, and it was no uncommon thing to read of her gift of thousands towards work in various fields, one of the last acts of her life being the giving of thirteen thousand to build a home for the untainted children of lepers in China. She was one of the charter members of the Church Home in Pittsburgh, leaving the Board on her removal to the West. She was not only active in work in her own church, but 'the streams of her bounty overflowed to fertilise other undertakings which she felt had been conceived in the spirit of devotion to the cause of the Blessed Redeemer. It was not the mere giving that aided these most; but the genuine earnestness of her example, the unmistakable proof of a consecrated life, that stimulated the enterprises to which she lent her aid.' Her in-

terests were confined to no one denomination, and to no one line of work. Every needy cause found in her a friend, and she gave generously, not only of her money, but also of herself. She was never too tired to listen to the sorrows of the needy, and was never weary of giving timely help and thoughtful little gifts that showed her personal interest and sympathy to those in trouble. The Allegheny Orphan Asylum, a large and flourishing institution, was a dearly loved object of her care, and owed much of its success to her wise counsel as president of the board for many years. Interested in the temporal welfare of the children, she was eager to fasten in them the missionary spirit as well, and in addition to her weekly Bible class she held a missions class, where so great was the children's interest in a little 'sister in Japan,' that the contents of their missionary 'mite box' were sent quarterly for her support.

"The Widows' Home in Allegheny was begun by her as a refuge for breadwinners who, unwilling to ask for alms, or receive them, were wearing out their lives in miserable cellars or crowded houses, striving to maintain their families, dreading the landlord's monthly claim, which they felt to be their hardest burden. This home consists of sixteen buildings where one hundred worthy poor find shelter at a nominal rent. For nearly thirty-three years Mrs. Brunot was president of the Board of Managers.

“ Her connection with the Allegheny Female Bible Society extended over a period of fifty-six years, and she was president for thirty-two years. Her recent gift of a thousand dollars to this society, whose four Bible readers make hundreds of visits each month to the poor and ignorant, was proof of her interest in carrying the Gospel to the heathen in our community.

“ For fifty-three years she laboured in the Society for the Relief of the Poor in Allegheny, being for much of that time president of the Board of Managers. By personal visitation and timely aid she has brought cheer to the hearts of many heart-broken widows and orphans.

“ The Tract Society, organised by Mrs. Brunot for the distribution of evangelical literature in 1844, had her for its only president for fifty years.

“ Mrs. Brunot was also very much interested in the West Penn Hospital, and contributed freely of her money to that institution.

“ No more lasting monument can be erected to Mrs. Brunot's memory than that which she herself has reared, in the inaugurating and building up of the Woman's Christian Association of Pittsburgh and Allegheny, an association for charitable and benevolent work, of which she was one of the charter members, and of which she was president from its inception. In the thirty-two years of its existence eleven distinct branches have sprung up. The Association to-day owns

three hundred and thirty thousand dollars' worth of real estate, embracing seven large homes, free of debt, filled with inmates.

“(1) The Temporary Home for Destitute Women was organised by Mrs. Brunot thirty years ago, and still opens its kindly doors to the poor and suffering.

“(2) The Home for Aged Protestant Women. Of this Home Mrs. Brunot was a charter member, and its president for two years, resigning because of the pressure of other duties.

“(3) East Liberty Young Woman's Christian Association.

“(4) Coloured Orphan Asylum.

“(5) Christian Home for Women was also near Mrs. Brunot's heart, and, as president of this institution, she was a help to many a sin-laden soul.

“(6) The Young Woman's Boarding Home owes its beginning to Mrs. Brunot, and she gave for its use the house adjoining her own home, as a token of her love for the work. Just two Sundays before her death, after being in her sick bed for a fortnight, she went there to hold a Bible class, which so exhausted her strength that she was never able to get up again.

“(7) Home for Aged Protestant Couples. To each of several of these homes her gift of a thousand dollars was the starting point in their existence. Referring to this work a leading newspaper says: ‘Mrs. Brunot, the president of

the Woman's Christian Association, has long been a leader in charitable enterprises, and is never so happy as when she is working for the sick and suffering, the poor and the unfortunate. With a heart and purse open, she stands ever ready to succour the suffering and rescue the perishing. Giving all her time and strength to doing good, she is seldom met in society, yet no woman's name is more lovingly enshrined in the hearts of thousands than hers.'

" Her unbounded interest in so many and such varied charities brought her in touch with an immense number of people, and she was granted the opportunity of helping in many a good cause. She considered it her 'blessed privilege' to give, and her purse was always open for that purpose. She was conscientious and firm in her belief that wealth was bestowed as a trust to be returned with interest to the Giver of All. An instance showing her earnestness may be given. A dear friend who knew she was sending thousands of dollars to missions gently said: 'Are you not impoverishing yourself by such large gifts?' Mrs. Brunot replied: 'Oh! I feel that each day's delay may cause the loss of an immortal soul.'

" A few words taken from her address as president at the commencement of a new work will illustrate her simplicity and spirit, and her earnest desire not to arrogate to herself any glory or word of praise for her generosity.

“ ‘ Dear sisters,’ she said, ‘ let us begin this work feeling our utter helplessness to do anything good of ourselves, and let us rely from day to day on help from above. Let us prayerfully make up our minds to work for the salvation of souls, looking forward to the end of life, and acting as we shall wish we had acted when we shall fully realise that work done for eternity is all that is worth an immortal soul’s care. This work will, I am sure, keep us nearer the Master, and lead us to be more consistent in our daily walk and conversation. Let us consecrate our time, health, and money more completely to Him whose life-blood has bought us.’

“ Those who knew her best could not fail to see how wonderfully strength of purpose and simplicity of character were blended in her life. The secret of her strength lay in prayer, and her early morning hours were spent in communion with her Divine Master and in study of His Holy Word. Her conscientious devotion to duty and her manifold works of mercy formed no ground of her hope for heaven; but on her dying bed she trusted only to the Blood of Christ for acceptance with God.”

This concise record leaves little to be added, unless, indeed, one were to write a book about Mrs. Brunot’s charities alone. Old friends will recognise how accurate Mrs. Phillips’s estimate is, and will recall how Mrs. Brunot loved Miss Havergal’s verses, and Winslow on the Holy

Spirit; how she loved to write letters to Mildmay, of which she was a member; and how, in a word, her life was what, without cant, we commonly call a spiritual life.

If we turn to the practical manifestations of this life, we have only to remember how, even on a drive, every soiled urchin on the street was an object of interest and solicitude. Often she would call to such a child, smile upon him in a way that would assure him that he was not patronised, ask him a few lively, laughing questions, and then toss him a little story in the form of a tract. The pockets in the doors of her carriages were filled with these tracts, and she would distribute them as she thought their simple stories would cheer or warn their readers. Or, again, we have but to recall the story she used to tell of her visit with Mr. Brunot to Richmond in 1875. Mr. Brunot was in attendance upon the convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, and they were being entertained at their relatives, the Van Lews. Miss Van Lew had all through the war been an open sympathiser with the North, and had given General Grant all the help she knew how to give. She was naturally hated by her neighbours, but because of her social station she was not ostracised. After the war was over she still made no secret of her convictions. The Sunday that Mr. and Mrs. Brunot were in Richmond, Mrs. Brunot made ready to go to St. Paul's Church, where the family had

a pew. But, as they started, Miss Van Lew said she wanted Mrs. Brunot to go with her. They drove on and on, past all the churches, till the bewildered Mrs. Brunot found herself before a great wall. "Why, where are we?" she exclaimed. "Cousin Mary," said Miss Van Lew in a business-like way, "you have a good voice, you must use it in your Lord's service." It was a penitentiary! Mrs. Brunot was dragged out before she could collect her wits, and the assistant came in response to Miss Van Lew's knocking. "This is my friend," she said to the assistant, "and she has come to speak to the men." Mrs. Brunot didn't know whether to faint or to cry; but before she could decide, Miss Van Lew had pushed her into a corridor, into which, through their bars, murderers and thieves were staring at them. "Come out, boys," the assistant cried, "a lady's come here to speak to you;" and so they all came out, among them a very tall man wearing a planter's hat. He was the chief murderer. By this time desperation had given Mrs. Brunot courage, and she asked the men all to kneel. They did so, and when they rose they looked at her calmly and absorbingly, and waited. What could she say? The murderer was right beside her, and this brought to mind the story of David, so she told it, and drew as the lesson that they ought not to be discouraged. After this Miss Van Lew and Mrs. Brunot went to the coloured men, and then to the women.

By this time Mrs. Brunot was thoroughly warmed to her task, and was as much at home as in her own room. When the visit was over, the coachman drove them back to St. Paul's, which they found crowded to the doors and the sermon well advanced. They were given seats near the door, and it became evident at once that the clergyman was preaching about General Lee. "Dear me!" cried Miss Van Lew in a conversational tone, "I came to hear the Gospel, and he's preaching about General Lee. Let's go!" And with that she jumped up and went out, and Mrs. Brunot, more dazed than ever, followed. Next they drove to a church for coloured people, where both Miss Van Lew and Mrs. Brunot found everything just as sincere and hearty as could be desired. So the morning closed, showing, if nothing else, that Miss Van Lew's judgment of her cousin's ability was both keen and accurate.

No account of Mrs. Brunot would be complete without at least some reference to her singular unworldliness. It was not only unworldliness of the sort that led her to spend every Christmas afternoon with the orphans at one of her institutions, playing with them, reading to them, and unveiling at last a wonderful tree; but it was also of the kind that cared absolutely nothing for dress. To please Mr. Brunot she would wear very fine materials, but to please herself she never would allow the maker to give them any dash of modern style. Because she was so

prominent, little minds could not fail to comment on her quaint garments; and over these comments, when she heard them, she made herself extremely merry. One day at the Church Missions House in New York a young clergyman, who knew more of Paris fashions than of some other things, came in and introduced himself to Mrs. Brunot's devoted friend, Miss Sybil Carter. Miss Carter knew how kind Mrs. Brunot had been to him, so she said, "You know Mrs. Felix Brunot, don't you?" "Oh, yes," he answered gayly, "and doesn't she look as if she came out of the ark!" "Young man," said Miss Carter indignantly, "Mrs. Brunot is one of the few people I know who would have been worthy to go *into* the ark!" Knowing the love and confidence which these two noble women had for each other, I have asked Miss Carter to put down her estimate of Mrs. Brunot's work.

"You have asked me," Miss Carter writes, "to give you some reminiscences of the life work of Mrs. Brunot. This I gladly do, for she was as a missionary mother to me, as she was to a large proportion of our Church missionaries both at home and in foreign fields. If ever a woman truly deserved the name 'A mother in Israel,' Mrs. Brunot is that woman. Her interest in the poor in her own city, as to both their spiritual and their temporal needs, and her desire to help every feeble church in her diocese, was shown in her steady annual gifts to all charitable work in

the two cities of Pittsburgh and Allegheny, and in her ever-watchful eye upon country parishes. In mission stations in the home field, and in Japan, China, and Africa, her letters and gifts of money and supplies were simply a wonder to me, in their regularity and thoughtfulness, which showed her great interest in the cause, and her rare intelligence.

“As a special missionary of our Church, I was accustomed to visit many of the Western missionary jurisdictions, and constantly was told of daily comforts and things needful for carrying out the workers’ plans, ‘This was sent us by Mrs. Brunot of Pittsburgh!’ While I was on the visit to our missions in Japan and China I found every one of our workers sure of her ready, loving help. Her sympathy for suffering showed itself in many ways; constant self-denying gifts for hospitals, and her latest effort to establish a hospital for lepers, are examples of this sympathy.

“When all the country said, ‘The Indians are lazy,’ she said, ‘Poor things, they are idle, not lazy’; and when I proposed to start an industry for Indian mothers, she said, ‘Go and do it; I will stand by you as long as I live.’ She did it grandly. She it was that gave the entire expense of putting a lace teacher at Anadarko, Oklahoma, paying the salary always, and leaving a legacy to continue the work there for six years. She, in the last year of her life, gave five thousand dollars to open a like work among the

Sioux women at Greenwood, South Dakota, saying, 'Give them teaching of home life, of God's love for them, and give them work and pay them wages, and we shall soon see a beautiful Christian womanhood developed among them.' And her prophecy is true.

"I always felt renewed in spirit after a visit with her. If I was tired, all little troubles seemed to slip away and become nothing, as I talked with her. In her later years she suffered daily great pain, yet never allowed it to take her mind from holy things. In her presence I felt truly the strength of St. Paul's words: 'Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.' She unconsciously lived those two verses, and strongly influenced me in my earnest desire to please God.

"What more shall I say than that a true 'mother in Israel' is now at rest; that I loved her; that I miss her as I miss few whose lives have touched mine; and that her grand, pure character is ever before me as a life example. The very thought of her love to God and love to humanity stirs my heart daily.

"May our Father bless her memory to many hearts throughout our whole Church and land."

CHAPTER V

THE SEPARATION

MR. BRUNOT'S passing from this world was so gradual that for several years it was felt that he might die at any moment. For more than a decade he had been withdrawn from the affairs of men, and then he was rarely seen except through the window of his carriage. For the last two or three years his tongue was paralysed, and he could not speak, and all but Mrs. Brunot felt that he could not understand what was said. Day after day she sat beside him and knew every want, and communicated with him in a way as unmistakable as it was unseen and unheard. The excellent man who was his nurse attended him night and day; in the town house an elevator was put in, so that he might be taken to all parts of the house as of old, and in every way he lived his waning life as nearly as possible as others lived. "I shall always cherish the recollection of my visit," Bishop Johnston wrote; "the carriage waiting at two in the morning, and the good cheer spread to refresh me after the fatigue of travel; and then the daily sight of that noble Christian man, waiting in silence, after a

busy life, for the summons that would call him to higher service, where the unloosed tongue, with its poetic fire, would forever sing the praises of Him who has bought us."

When they went to Verona each spring, he was evidently glad; and often, as they drove, Mrs. Brunot would call for the rector's* little boy; and as he sat beside Mr. Brunot, he would put his tiny fingers on Mr. Brunot's feeble hand, and in response the light would come stealing gladly into the silent old man's eyes. It was pathetic to see the noble face telling its story of purity and grace as clearly as ever; but helpless, utterly helpless, to show forth the life of the struggling spirit.

Even Mrs. Brunot knew that the end could not be far away, and she used to write: "We both know that we have not much longer to live, and we are both ready to go when our Father calls us." But the end itself was sudden, after all, and I may leave its sacredness to Mrs. Brunot's own words as she told it in a letter to a friend:

"Friday, May 6th [1898], the weather was beautiful, and David started early with a large load for Verona. Mr. Brunot went down in the elevator, as usual, to prayers and breakfast, but he had no desire to eat; and all morning, in his room, he was very quiet, but uttered not a word of complaint, and granted our wish for him to go

* The Rev. Laurens McLure, D.D.

Felix Reville Brunot at the Age of Seventy-three



to dinner with us, but food was distasteful to him; and about three he was evidently in much bodily distress, sitting in his large easy chair. This increased, and all Saturday he suffered greatly, and only on Sunday the doctor found it was inflammation of the bowels. Both doctors watched beside him, but no relief came from the poultices. Finally, the pressure of the hand gave some relief.

“Monday morning [May 9th], about four o'clock I lay down beside Mr. Brunot on the bed. The doctors thought him unconscious of his great suffering. But he breathed so painfully, almost groaned, with his eyes shut. This lasted from four in the morning till ten minutes past three. I was looking intently at him; and in the midst of a great groan, he started up as if called, opened his eyes wide, and looked intently up to the ceiling, as if listening to some one speaking. I think he clearly saw his Saviour, who had come to fulfil His promise, ‘I will come and receive you unto Myself.’ He then closed his eyes with the most perfect expression of peace, and *in one instant* afterwards the face of suffering seemed to dissolve, and in its place was the dear face and chiselled features of twenty years past. It seemed to me as my arms were about him that I had been with him to the very gate of Paradise as his spirit entered in. Words cannot express my gratitude to the Great Father of our spirits for the comfort and peace that

came to me as I looked on this wonderful scene, and so fully realised that my dear husband has entered into the fulness of joy at God's right hand, seeing the King in His beauty."

At once as the news of his death went over the world to those who had known and loved him, he seemed never more alive. All the life he had lived so well lived itself over again in the memory of his friends, and letters came with their words of comfort. Of all these, one will show the tone.

"My dear friend:

"The Lord knoweth them that are His—the righteous and the wise! 'In that day' they shall 'shine as the sun'; 'there shall no torment touch them'; and they shall be *together*. To be the wife of such a man; to know all that was in him, divine or human; to have held him in your bosom; to have shared his life and to know that he shared yours; to have all this for an everlasting possession and inalienable treasure—this must comfort sorrow and outweigh the sad sense of loss.

"With loving faithfulness,

"Yr's in the Risen Christ,

"F. D. HUNTINGTON."

From a missionary bishop* came the testimony: "How well I remember when I first knew him how deeply he impressed me and fired my enthusiasm. Impressed by his self-con-

* Bishop Wells of Spokane, of whom Mr. and Mrs. Brunot were very fond.

secration, I knelt down and consecrated myself again more wholly to the Master's work for others. . . . I feel deeply the influence and inspiration received from him, just as I was entering upon my missionary life." One poor man, who said that "he had loved Mr. Brunot in secret" for many years, asked to be allowed to guard his grave "every night for four or five weeks." Indeed, from the most unexpected quarters came the news of what Mr. Brunot's life had meant to the world.

As men gathered themselves into Christ Church for the funeral, it became evident that some word must be said in addition to the simple service of the Church, so out of the fulness of their hearts the rector and the Rev. Dr. Alsop, an old pastor, said words of love and confidence. At the grave the bishop said the committal, and the words of Mr. Brunot's own hymn, which had been sung in the church, rang in the hearts of the people as they went away:

Press on, my soul, nor heed the deepening gloom,
Still press thou on ;
Though creeping shadows gather round the tomb,
Still press thou on ;
Through gloom, and tomb, along the narrow way,
One lights thy path, to reach eternal day.

Desponding, Lord, I lean upon Thy Word,
Hold Thou me up ;
I would not live but that my cry be heard,
Hold Thou me up ;

My stumbling feet from evil would be free,
And firmly, fleetly, bear me on to Thee.

.

I triumph, Lord ! Thy promises I claim ;
I shall be safe !

Not for myself, but for His Holy Name—
I shall be safe !

How dread soe'er deservèd wrath may be,
Thy loving mercy, only, judgeth me.

CHAPTER VI

THE END

STRONG as her will and her faith were, Mrs. Brunot was unable to go to the funeral. She was utterly crushed for the moment, but her old strength returned speedily, and she wrote: "My beloved is in perfect peace, and my ruling desire is to do my work as Christ's follower better than ever. I have had deep, quiet happiness." Accordingly she went as usual to all the meetings of her boards, and wrote hundreds of letters every month, as in the old days.

Mr. Brunot had often said to Mrs. Brunot that people would be amazed to find how little money they had to leave at their death; for in addition to the rule which they had long ago made, always to give away all their income, they had also been giving away large sums from the principal. No one can ever tell what these constant gifts through life amounted to in the aggregate. But, in spite of this lavish giving during his lifetime, Mr. Brunot left at his death about three-quarters of a million in bequests for charitable purposes. All the details of his will would not interest the reader, but it may be well to repeat

Bishop Whitehead's summary given at the Diocesan Convention:

“ A life characterised by generous gifts for all sorts and conditions of men, was crowned by legacies in behalf of almost every department of the Church's work. The General Board of Missions was generously remembered* in Mr. Brunot's will, and aided both in its domestic work and in its educational efforts for the Indians and coloured people of this country, and among the heathen of Japan, China, and Africa. The American Church Missionary Society was assisted in the line of Christian education, and also by a generous amount for missionary work in Brazil. The Evangelical Education Society received a bequest of twenty thousand dollars; St. James's Church, Pittsburgh, ten thousand; our Church Home, five thousand; the Philadelphia Divinity School, thirty thousand; and eight girls' schools of the Church in the Western jurisdictions were made beneficiaries under certain conditions.† In all, well nigh one hundred and fifty thousand dollars‡ were given to institutions of the

* \$60,000.

† The conditions being fulfilled, each of the eight schools received more than \$33,000 apiece. The schools were St. Mary's Hall, San Antonio ; St. Peter's School, Helena ; Platte Collegiate Institute of Nebraska ; All Saints' School, Sioux Falls ; St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon ; Bethany College, Topeka ; St. Mary's School, Spokane ; and Rowland Hall, Salt Lake City.

‡ With the additional bequests for the schools, the amount bequeathed to institutions of the Episcopal Church amounted in the aggregate to \$420,000.

Church, in addition to large bequests to hospitals, and societies of various kinds, undenominational, educational, and reformatory, many of them in Pittsburgh, aggregating almost half a million of dollars.* We may well thank God for so conspicuous an example of stewardship worthily exercised, and should pray that such an example may not fail of wide imitation.

“What better instance can be given of the usefulness of a consecrated life made perennial and unfailing through all generations? At the last Day of Account innumerable will be the testimonies from the four quarters of the globe and from the islands of the sea to the elevating and ennobling influence of Mr. Brunot’s life. In all parts of the world, and in many tongues, he being dead yet speaketh and shall speak, always ‘testifying the Gospel of the grace of God.’ *O si sic omnes!*”

Though doing much work, Mrs. Brunot knew that her life was near its end. Under the date of April 8, 1899, she wrote: “In writing a check very early this morning, I found that this is my seventy-seventh birthday, and I think for the first time I felt ‘I am getting old surely.’ This I am sure is strange, for *I am very old.*” And then she added in her quizzical, humorous way, “I wonder I did not know it sooner.” The next month she wrote her will, beginning with these characteristic words:

* With amounts named above, \$750,000.

“ Feeling that life is at all times uncertain, I desire to dispose of what my kind heavenly Father has put into my possession, that the interests of His kingdom and His glory on earth be advanced, and also that my estate may be divided without trouble. I desire also to say for the comfort of my friends that through the infinite mercy of my heavenly Father I have a sure hope of eternal life, resting entirely on the merits of His dear Son Jesus Christ, our Redeemer.”

Then she bequeathed various sums, ranging from one thousand to five thousand dollars, for all the benevolent institutions of Pittsburgh and Allegheny with which she had been connected; five thousand dollars to St. James's Church, and three thousand for the church at Verona; five thousand each to the Church in Japan, in China, in Cape Mount, in Mexico, in South Dakota; also for church work among the coloured people, for Indian work under Mr. Cooke, and for the Woman's Union Missionary Society; ten thousand for Spokane; three thousand each for Nevada and Utah; for the Industrial School at Lawrenceville, Virginia; for St. Augustine's School at Raleigh, for the aged clergy fund, for the American Sunday-School Mission, for Miss Roff's work, and for the American Bible Society; two thousand each for the Church in Cuba, in Hayti, in Montana, in Laramie, in Alaska, and for Miss Carter's work; one thousand each for

the Church in Oklahoma, in Defiance, in Southern Florida, in Western Texas, in Arizona, and in Kansas; also for Hampton, and for Tuskegee. Altogether the gifts do not aggregate much more than one hundred thousand dollars, but there is a conscientious carefulness to bestow them where they would do the most good. In the same thoughtful way both Mr. and Mrs. Brunot had designated bequests to their many nieces and nephews. Nor was the faithful David forgotten: to him and his family were assigned the lodge at Verona, valuable lands, and the horses which he loved.

Shortly after making her testament, Mrs. Brunot was very ill, but she seemed completely to recover, and was, as usual, in Verona for the summer. She was unusually well, and took a vital interest in all about her. No girl of sixteen could run up the stairs more easily than she, and she would not be waited on. It was impossible to think her old, for she was free even from that weakness of vanity which so often besets the old age of a successful life. She talked of the past incessantly, but she as eagerly talked of the future; and she was thinking little of her own part in it all. She constantly told earnestly what "we" would do; and then she would correct herself and say "I," as the tears would come into her tender eyes. But it was right still to say "we," for Mr. Brunot's life was bound up in hers; and no old friend could sit on the

southern porch at evening and look past the fountain, down through the trees to the river, without feeling that both Mr. and Mrs. Brunot were beside him in that dear Verona home.

As the Verona house was being closed for the summer Mrs. Brunot caught a severe cold, which in the Allegheny home she could not shake off. It developed finally into pneumonia, and became so serious that her favourite niece was sent for. She reached her the last day of October, to find her unconscious; but at two in the afternoon Mrs. Brunot suddenly opened her eyes and recognised her with her usual sweet smile. She evidently thought that she had just waked from a night's sleep, for she said at once, "Now we will have prayers." Accordingly a grandnephew, Mr. George Sibbett, went at once for Dr. Meech, the rector, who came in a few moments. The doctors had now given up every hope of her recovery, and all who came were allowed to see her. She recognised them all, and to all she gave her hand. Among them were her faithful and true friends and servants, David and his family. Dr. Meech had come frequently, and in the evening Bishop Whitehead came and had prayers, for which she thanked him warmly; then the pain came on again, and then unconsciousness once more. The next day (All Saints' Day) the unconsciousness continued, and she lay perfectly still, with her eyes closed, and her lips moving slightly, evidently in prayer. Occasion-

ally the watcher caught the words, “ O death, where is thy sting!” and “ Now I lay me down to sleep,” and “ All through the merits of my Saviour.” Several of her nieces and nephews, who loved her as a mother, stood about her, and just as All Saints’ Day was finished, she quietly breathed her last breath, and all was over.

For some of us the shadows of the evening seemed suddenly to have grown very dark, till we remembered that, a little farther on, there had dawned a beautiful new day.

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